

TANKS RUMBLE ON IN VICTOR'S PATH THROUGH ARGONNE

Great Offensive Weapon Has
Share in Smashing
Boche

PRISONER RIDES TO GLORY

Ex-Canadian Goes AWOL and
Does Wonders With Cumber-
some and Thick-Skinned 'Bus

Private William Kenworthy, Irishman by birth and fighter by instinct, and enlistment late of the Canadian E.F. and more recently of the American Tank Corps, was languishing in the brig of an S.O.S. town when the whole A.E.F. from Verdun to Brittany, began to tingle with the preparations for the drive in Argonne. It was too much for Private Kenworthy.

It was painful enough to be detached from his outfit in this manner under any circumstances: to be away from them when they were going into action—that was a thought unbearable. That evening at sundown there was a jail delivery of one.

Smelling battle from afar, the escaped prisoner followed his nose. Dismounting M.P.'s en route, hooking rides, lying cheerily to the too curious R.T.O. men, advancing by forced night marches, sleeping by day and eating when and where he could, he reached the edge of the Forest of Argonne in time to snuggle down on the driver's cushion of a baby juggernaut, crank her up and start her roaring, lurching, smashing her way along the blasted road that leads to Berlin.

Like a Garden Sprinkler

Today the armor of his battered tank is so pierced with bullets that it looks like the business end of a flower sprinkler. His face is one large blister, memento of a breathless moment when he saw a brother tank burst into flames after a bullet had reached its gas reservoir. Kenworthy, clutching his gas mask, as a turtle comes out of its shell, grasped the situation, jumped clear, raced to the rescue, and in the nick of time, dragged the scorched and unconscious driver to safety.

Once Kenworthy had to retreat, for his tank, clearly visible, was drawing fire from the German 77's to which the doughboys lay, and just then the doughboys could not go forward. So the tank had to go back—back across the Aire. But the railroad bridge on which it came over had just been blown to matchwood, of which the splintered wreckage was floating downstream, while all that remained from shore to shore was the pair of gleaming rails. Kenworthy started for the river's edge.

The lieutenant in the gun turret, who usually guides and instructs the driver by a code system of pats and pokes—one in the neck, one on the crown, one on the right shoulder, one on the left, each has a meaning—found his list of signals unequal to this occasion. So, crouching down he howled at Kenworthy above the deafening hubbub of the tank:

"You can never cross on those rails."

He Couldn't, but He Did

Kenworthy's answer, which was drowned in the roar of the engine, is believed to have been, "The hell I can't," or words to that effect. Anyway, he did.

Meanwhile, his AWOL status has not been advertised. His case is somewhat complex. A compromise of some sort may be effected. Very likely he will be given the D.S.C. and shot at sunrise.

Kenworthy's story is worth the telling if for no other reason than that it fits down the first on a list of the service that necessarily calls upon adventurous souls throughout the Army, summoning them to a life that fairly brims with excitement and danger. For the tanks are the cavalry of this war.

How great the danger is can be best gauged by the fact that there is a list of killed, gassed and wounded in the Tank Corps, or by looking at the mauled and twisted tanks themselves. One brigade that has been operating along the eastern edge of the Forest of Argonne itself had more than a dozen tanks come to grief down the first on a list of the service that necessarily calls upon adventurous souls throughout the Army, summoning them to a life that fairly brims with excitement and danger. For the tanks are the cavalry of this war.

A Purely Offensive Weapon

The many and lively experiences of the tanks in the Argonne are tremendous. The enemy can do seriously to halt the irresistible advance of the tanks. That is a cheering fact, for every increase and improvement in tank warfare works in favor of the Allies, and the Allies alone, because the tank is solely an offensive weapon. The tank is not a daredevil to predict that, come what may in the months that lie ahead, the armies of Germany will not again assume the offensive in our day and generation.

If the enemy digs a trench, the tanks go down one by one, until they reach the rolls logs across the road, the tanks skirt them rakishly. The tanks knock down stone walls and proceed, somewhat groggily, across the debris. They brush aside small trees with contempt. If a stream is unbridged and unfordable—why, the tank can make a sacrifice, plunge, with the others crossing on its back.

How to Dodge a Mine Field

The tanks laugh at mine craters. They even laugh at a large and sinister mine field in Argonne, a tremendous patch of hidden contact mines which the enemy had sown, praying for a harvest of death. But, in the agitation of his retreat, he committed the important error of forgetting to take down the danger sign which had served to warn his own traffic of the field's existence.

The tanks, then, can go any place, but the journey is not necessarily pleasant. Indeed, the sensation is a little like motoring in an earthquake. Probably the earlier tank casualties are all bruises and senselessness. A tank ride suggests

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JUSTICE

By Rudyard Kipling

Across a world where all men grieve
And grieving strike the more,
The great days range like tides and leave
Our dead on every shore.

Heavy the load we undergo,
And our own hands prepare,
If we have parley with the foe,
The load our sons must bear.

Before we loose the word
That bids new worlds to birth,
Needs must we loosen first the sword
Of Justice upon earth:
Or else all else is vain
Since life on earth began,
And the spent world sinks back again
Hopeless of God and Man.

A people and their King
Through ancient sin grown strong,
Because they feared no reckoning
Would set no bound to wrong:
But now their hour is past,
And we who here find
Evil incarnate held at last
To answer to mankind.

For agony and spoil
Of nations heat to dust,
For poisoned air and tortured soil
And cold, uncounted lust,
And every secret woe
The shuddering waters saw—
Will'd and fulfilled by high and low—
Let them reclaim the Law.

That when the dooms are read,
Not high nor low shall say:
"My naughty or my humble head
Has saved me in this day."
That, till the end of time,
Their remnant shall recall
Their fathers' old confederate crime
Availed them not at all.

That neither schools nor priests,
Nor Kings may build again
A people with the heart of beasts
Made wise concerning men.
Whereby our dead shall sleep
In honor, unbetrayed,
And we in faith and honor keep
That peace for which they paid.

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[THE STARS AND STRIPES has been enabled to publish "Justice," Mr. Kipling's latest poem, through the kind permission of Mr. Kipling.]

JUNIOR OFFICERS TO STUDY SALUTE; ENLISTED MEN TOO

G.O. Gives Instructions in
Correct Method of Ac-
cording Courtesy

Here is joy for all non-com instructors. According to G.O. 134, not only enlisted personnel but junior officers will be drilled in the correct method of saluting until proper habits have been formed.

The salute, says the order, is an act of mutual courtesy. It is a privilege as well as a duty. The method of returning as of rendering it is the external mark of the soldierly spirit. The following instructions are given as to what constitutes a smart salute according to our regulations and customs:

1. Turn the head and look smartly at the person saluted.
2. At the same time raise the hand smartly to the forehead.
3. Hold it there till the salute is returned or the person passed.
4. Drop the hand, but not before the salute is returned.
5. Do not wait till the person saluted looks at you before raising the hand, and do not look at him out of the corner of your eye, but turn all head and look at him squarely.
6. Do not drop the hand till the person saluted drops his.

Officers when returning a salute will be careful to look toward the man saluting.

TWO CANTEENS IN LINE

Infantrymen will soon be carrying two American canteens when they go into attack.

The extra canteen will be carried by a webbed canvas strap slung over the shoulder. The regulation canteen, hooked on to the belt, will still be worn. Under the new arrangement, however, a man will not have to be a Houdini to get a three-second drink.

There will be no cup to the new canteen carrier.

After drinking, a man simply lets the canteen fall back to his hip—no buttons or hooks to bother with.

American front line troops have been using French canteens as their second water bottle.

AUSTRIA AGAIN BIDS FOR PEACE; ITALY ATTACKS

President Tells Germany
Present Rulers Must
Be Beaten

GUNS ACTIVE IN ARGONNE

American Airmen Back in Game
After Month of Rain—Boche
Duds Numerous

"The Austro-Hungarian Government declares itself, in consequence, prepared, without awaiting the result of other negotiations, to enter into pourparlers regarding peace between Austria-Hungary and the States of the opposing party, and regarding an immediate armistice on all the fronts of Austria-Hungary."

"It begs President Wilson to be good enough to make overtures on this subject."

So run the concluding paragraphs in the reply of Austria, signed by Count Andrássy, the new foreign minister, to President Wilson's note of October 13. The reply accepts the conditions laid down by the President, stating that the Austro-Hungarian Government "adheres to his point of view as laid down in his last note regarding the rights of the peoples of Austria-Hungary, particularly of the Czechoslovaks and the Jugo-Slavs."

Following this reply came yet another from Count Andrássy, reiterating the statements made in the earlier communication and begging Secretary of State Lansing to use his influence with the President in order that "an immediate armistice may be concluded on the fronts of Austria and Hungary, and that this may be followed by the opening of negotiations for peace."

Offensive on Piave

Before this second note was given out the Italian front had been quiet for some time. But the Italian front, in its first rush, penetrated the Austrian positions to a maximum depth of seven miles north of the Piave on a front of 25 miles and made 16,000 prisoners.

The Austrians are also being hard pressed in Albania and in Serbia, which is rapidly being overrun for and largely by the Serbians. French troops, passing across Bulgaria in accordance with the terms of the Bulgarian surrender, are operating on the river Danube, and have crossed it at some points.

A week ago Wednesday the President's final reply to Germany was given out. It said, in part:

"The President deems it his duty to say, without any attempt to soften what may seem harsh words, that the nations of the world do not, and cannot, trust the word of those who have hitherto been the masters of Europe. They have been assured a genuine constitutional standing as the real rulers of Germany."

It must deal with the military masters and monarchial autocrats of Germany now, or it is likely to have to deal with them later. Here they hold the rule of the contest is that each part will be judged by the amount of freight previously handled at that port, and, as Berlin is attained and the contest over as soon as the leading port completes eight weeks' work, the proposition simulates the freight handlers' strike.

Germany's Reply Brief

Germany replied briefly on Sunday, stating that "the President is aware of the great changes which have been effected, and are in course of execution, in the German Constitution. Peace negotiations are conducted by a national Government in whose hands rest constitutionally the power of making decisions. The military powers are equally subordinate in this Government."

She concluded by announcing that she was now awaiting the proposals for a preliminary armistice.

Meanwhile, whether or no "the military powers are equally subordinate," they received a rude shock in the resignation of General Ludendorff, first quartermaster general of the German army, and the man whose offensive policy was to win the war for the Central Empires in 1918.

Activity has continued on the Western front from the Meuse valley to the Holland border. The greatest Allied progress has been in the pocket between the Oise and Semo rivers, bringing the French line to Guise. The French have also progressed to the east, and American troops have been fighting with them northwest of Vouziers. German counterattacks at many points on the Western front have been strong and numerous, but have been everywhere repulsed.

The last week of October and the fifth

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PORT BERLIN RACE TO START SUNDAY; NINE TOEING MARK

Challenges Ring Up and
Down Coast as Big Mo-
ment Draws Near

FLAGS FOR EACH OF BASES

But All of Them Won't Be Flown
—Tenth, at Hq., S.O.S., Car-
ries Question Mark

The soldier freight heavers at the nine American base ports in France through which, in the form of guns and munitions, food and supplies, pulses the life blood of the A.E.F., are toeing the mark and getting set for their "Race to Berlin" freight unloading contest, which begins Sunday morning at 7 o'clock.

Everything is ready for the start. Rules and details are being explained to the participants by the contest officers of each port and the Y.M.C.A. men who will assist them, who held a final meeting at Hq., S.O.S., this week.

Winches and cranes are being oiled and freight hooks sharpened. Unloading detachments are conferring among themselves to devise means of higher efficiency. Plans are being perfected in all of the ports for the assembling of all available hands, the blowing of all whistles and the production of all forms of music and discord possible to mark the starting hour.

In the meantime the rivalry which has existed between the ports for several months is increasing. Challenges and declarations of past performances are louder and more numerous than ever.

Colonel Ready to Back It

It is even rumored that one colonel exhibited a 1000-franc note and said there were 50 more of them where he came from to say that his port would take the pennant. Even the rhymerists have been at work. Says St. Nazaire: "There was a GREAT PORT named BOTTREUX."

With each of all kinds for cergeaux. But the St. Nazaire pep played hell with their rep. And they found that their cake was but

And, replies Bordeaux:

Poor St. Nazaire must have a score. Else why her sudden burst of pepper? She is long on ships and cunning quips but our discharge per ship is better. The ships we have sent her back. And yet we beat her in September. And give her something to remember.

The censorship, for the first time since the A.E.F. started doing business, has agreed to permit the publication of the names of the base ports for use in the contest. Here they have held the rule of the contest is that each port will be judged by the amount of freight previously handled at that port, and, as Berlin is attained and the contest over as soon as the leading port completes eight weeks' work, the proposition simulates the freight handlers' strike.

The first port to complete the equivalent of eight average previous weeks' work is the winner. Hence, the factor of difference in freight handling facilities and machinery at the different ports does not become a factor. Other inequalities which might intrude due to the non-arrival of freight or from other causes will be neutralized by the official score keepers, the statisticians of the D.G.T.'s office.

Weekly films entitled "Double Quickening the S.O.S." will be shown to the contestants to keep the freight handlers posted on what is going on elsewhere.

Flags Being Distributed

Flags, to be flown by the leading ports in the weeks of the contest, are now being distributed. These are blue with a white square in the center on which is inscribed the word "Champion." Each base port gets one, but it will be allowed to fly it only if it is leading during a certain week.

As there are nine flags and it is expected that Berlin will be attained in something under eight weeks, at least one will never be unfurled.

A tenth flag is hanging at the headquarters of the C.G., S.O.S. It is of the same design as the others except that it has an interrogation point inscribed below the white square. In the place of this mark of inquiry, after the first weekly standing is announced, will be posted the name of the base port, which, if it loses first place, will be replaced by its successor.

More Room to Move In

Emphatic steps have been taken to fight the spread of respiratory diseases, these steps beginning the moment troops step on transports in the States.

Every man on embarking must have three blankets, an overcoat and a

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514 CHRISTMAS WAR ORPHANS TAKEN; THREE MONTHS' GOAL IN FIVE WEEKS



"Bon Jour, Monsieur, Don't You Want a Mascot?"

GAUZE MASKS FOR MEN ON TRANSPORT KEEP FLU AT BAY

Two Die of Pneumonia at
Sea; 28,898 Land Safely
in France

ONLY 20 CASES IN CORPS

Medical Authorities Say Wave
Has Nearly Run Its Trouble-
some Course Through A.E.F.

Five thousand American soldiers last week wore chemically-soaked white masks all the while a 35,000 ton ocean liner was speeding them to France over the North Atlantic.

But when these soldiers, looking like kuklux clansmen, disembarked at a base port there were no missing men when the rolls were called. Not a single soldier on that voyage had died of influenza or pneumonia. The medical officers in eight days had found only 34 men suffering from these diseases.

These facts stood out when 17 ships in two days landed 28,898 men at several A.E.F. base ports and the records showed that for 28,898 safely landed, two men had died at sea of pneumonia. There had been only 139 cases of influenza and pneumonia in the convoys.

Epidemic on Wane

At the same time this became known, it was announced at the office of the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., that from all signs the backbone of the epidemic that has been sweeping the world has been broken so far as American soldiers in France are concerned. Reports from the whole Army showed that the number of cases had declined remarkably and that the severity of infections had been lessened.

Influenza as an epidemic, Army medical authorities say, runs a course approximately two months, and the second wave that has struck the A.E.F. is now almost at the end of its two-months' course.

They also say that the course of the disease has proved that they are closely related to living and sleeping conditions, practically all cases being in areas away from the front where troops had to be sheltered in large groups. In proof of this, one Army corps at the front in three months had only 20 cases of pneumonia.

More Room to Move In

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A.E.F. KITCHENS TO SELL GREASES FOR SHELLS AND SOAP

Q. M. C. Buys Waste Prod-
ucts, Money Goes Into
Mess Funds

PIGGERIES IN SAVING PLAN

Companies Pay 55 Francs for Ani-
mals, Sell Them for 350 and
Have Pork on Tables

The whole A.E.F. is being organized in a food economy campaign that as one result will produce thousands of dollars' worth of munitions and soap-making materials out of wastes from company kitchens all through France, and as another result will turn into individual company mess funds thousands of dollars.

The Commander-in-Chief and the Secretary of War are fathering a bill in Congress to enable the Q.M.C. to make payments to all organizations in the A.E.F. for the fats and greases and other wastes from their messes.

Pending passage of the bill, the system is already in operation provisionally. Units are making collections of materials asked for and forwarding them to bases designated by the Q.M.C. salvage bureau. Payments will be made when the passage of the bill gives the necessary legal authority.

Army officers estimate that in France the average value of food wasted per ration is more than three and one-half per cent. For 2,000,000 members of the A.E.F., this means a daily wastage of more than \$70,000.

Grease and Fat Waste

It is further estimated that ten per cent of the food waste from company kitchens is grease and fat. One hundred pounds of fat from kitchen waste will make ten pounds of glycerine used in the making of high explosives for the shells that the A.E.F. is firing. The fats are required also for soap to meet the Army's needs. Four Army soap factories are already operating, and others are planned.

As one feature of the food and money saving campaign, the cooperative piggy system is to be extended. The very last word in economy will be attained by feeding waste from which fats have been extracted to pigs. The pigs will be purchased from funds raised possibly by company subscription, kept until grown, then slaughtered and sold to the Q.M.C. The profits will go into the company mess fund, and the meat will go on company mess tables.

At Hq., S.O.S. the piggy system has been in successful operation for months.

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Campaign Will Continue Un-
til Holidays, but With-
out Limit

TOTAL ADOPTIONS NOW 1028

Gift Plan Doubles Number of
Stricken French Waifs Under
Sheltering Wing of A.E.F.

ARTILLERYMEN WEEK'S ACES

Casual Officers Take One, Saying They
Know How It Feels—Over 500,000
Francs Now in Fund

ADOPT A CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHAN!

On September 27 THE STARS AND STRIPES announced a Christmas campaign for the temporary adoption of 500 little French war orphans—a campaign to provide each of them, as the Christmas gift of the A.E.F., with food, clothing, comfort, schooling for an entire year. So generous was the response that, within five weeks and with Christmas still two months off, the entire 500 had found godfathers in O.D.

Therefore, THE STARS AND STRIPES is asking, from the tens of thousands of fathers, French homes, more children to meet future demands. This task will be completed by the time the work of allotting the present group of 500 is completed by the Red Cross committee in charge. The children will learn of their selection and receive the first cash contribution from their soldier parrains in ample time to enjoy a happy Christmas. Until Christmas we will offer these children to the Santa Claus from overseas.

CHRISTMAS GIFT WAR ORPHANS AT 500 FRANCS EACH.

On October 23, one month and one day after THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its campaign for the adoption of 500 Christmas gift war orphans, the 500 French boys and girls were adopted. The A.E.F. had taken them all.

The bottom fell out, the sides caved in and our campaign blew up, leaving the orphan department, confronted with an eight weeks excess of time before Christmas with the better part of something over 250,000 francs in hand and only a hazy idea of what happened.

With the aid of our treasurer's department, the Quartermaster corps and an adding machine we found that the 250,000 francs is, in money, \$45,454.54 plus, which with a like amount accumulated by the orphan department before the beginning of the Christmas campaign, means that we have received something over \$90,000—considerably more, it will be noted, than a private's pay for the entire war—with which to give all-the-year-round cheer and comfort to our family of orphans.

But It Won't Stop

After this premature explosion, we contemplated this pre-Christmas, yold and decided, primarily, not to be idle. To borrow, in our extremity, the phrase of Marshal Foch, we shall go on. "We shall continue the adoption of Christmas gift war orphans until Christmas itself. We will be at the same old stand with a motto reading, "Business as Usual—Or Better."

The Red Cross committee in charge administering the orphan fund has begun the data and the investigation, photographing and listing the orphans, and the allotment of these to future adopters will be begun as soon as the work of assigning the original Christmas 500 is completed. This will be within two or three weeks.

The chief of the orphan adopters will be notified of the identity of each other before Christmas and the first payment of money will be made to the children in time for its Yuletide use if the request for adoption is received within a reasonable time.

End on Christmas Day

On Christmas day we shall close adoptions and, in a paternal manner, devote ourselves to the future of our family. We intend to work out a constructive plan to encourage the talents and abilities of the children.

We want to do the best we can for all of them. We want them to have something like an equal chance with more fortunate children, and we want to leave the A.E.F. orphans behind us when, some day, we go from France, as a family directed toward a useful life and for which the days to come hold hope.

The extent to which this scheme is carried will, of course, depend upon the A.E.F.

514 Twice for a Pair

The number of children adopted this week was 136, which brings the Christmas campaign total to 514. By coincidence, the number of children adopted earlier was also 514. So our family now numbers 1,028. It is the biggest, we may say, in the world.

Among the branches of the service this week the Artillery—field, coast and trench—was the leading performer. It took, all told, 42 children, not including individual adoptions by officers. One Field Artillery regiment adopted 12 mascots, four being taken by the officers' mess, and one battalion of Trench Artillery took ten.

The chaplain abetted the adoption plan in the Trench Artillery battalion;

PEACE EXCHANGES FIND U. S. STILL PLUGGING AHEAD

Fighting Men to Get All
Training Possible After
They Reach France

NAVY STILL IN BUSINESS

Plans for 16 Big Battleships and
140 Smaller Vessels Included
in Three-Year Program

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 31.—Berlin's passionate little billet doud asking Uncle Sam to make a date and meet her at the garden gate has failed to tempt the War and Navy Department to close up shop and go home.

Army training camp commanders have been ordered to eliminate from their schedules all work that can be done by our fighting men after they arrive overseas in order to speed up the war program, and without violating any military confidence it may be said that the Baker tourist agency expects to do a rushing business as usual, with a little extra.

The motor and vehicle division of the Army has placed orders for motor trucks, ambulances, trailers, passenger cars, motorcycles, approximately \$130,000,000 worth of deliveries to begin immediately—800 three and one-half ton trucks, 200 two ton trucks, 600 one and one-half ton trucks, 600 five ton chassis, 1,000 three and one-half ton chassis, 6,000 three-ton chassis, 2,000 two-ton chassis, 565 one and one-half ton chassis, 1,200 class AA chassis, 24,950 class B chassis, 3,500 ten ton trailers, 150 four wheel trailers, 8,000 Ford five passenger cars, 1,000 Dodge five passenger cars, 3,000 delivery cars, 19,000 motorcycles and a whole lot of other hurry-up things on wheels.

Navy's Three-Year Program

The Navy Department has presented to Congress another three-year building program calling for ten superdreadnaughts, six battle cruisers, and 140 smaller vessels at a total cost of \$600,000,000. This is in addition to the 156 vessels comprising the first three-year building program, not to mention the undisclosed but huge number of destroyers and other types built since we entered the war.

Including this \$600,000,000 the total estimates of the Navy Department for ship construction, including armor and armament, amount this year to \$72,000,000. The complete program will give the United States an excellent fleet of capital ships unequalled by any navy. Thus, while we are daily producing ships immediately vital for immediate war purposes, we are also proceeding in the work of building up a mighty navy of great ships able to maintain control of the sea in any conceivable aspect of naval warfare.

While those entrusted with the punch continue thus to deliver the goods best calculated to make Fritz homesick, a proportion of us consisting mainly of pro bono pacifists have been and these hectic well wishers see nothing funny about it and frantically megaphone the White House to steer another course. Another dominant cry of this chorus is that American public morale will be disastrously affected by any discussion of negotiation. You need not fear that this nation's morale or common sense either are made of such poor stuff. Their common sense tells all Americans that no matter what may occur, there must be no diminution of push, but rather an increase, and that the way to finish a job up quickest is to finish it good and plenty.

Can't See the Joke

It is pretty difficult for a mere common citizen to understand why they should imagine any President of the United States is likely to be so easy as to walk open eyed into traps which the pro bono can use so plainly, but these hectic well wishers see nothing funny about it and frantically megaphone the White House to steer another course. Another dominant cry of this chorus is that American public morale will be disastrously affected by any discussion of negotiation. You need not fear that this nation's morale or common sense either are made of such poor stuff. Their common sense tells all Americans that no matter what may occur, there must be no diminution of push, but rather an increase, and that the way to finish a job up quickest is to finish it good and plenty.

WORLD'S SHIPPING NEARLY AT NORMAL

Now Only Seven Per Cent
Less Than at Beginning
of War

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 31.—Figures from Washington show that the total world's shipping now is only seven per cent less than at the beginning of the war, thanks to the enormous Allied tonnage output. American tonnage has more than doubled. Nine steel ships of 59,000 dead weight tons and five wooden ships of 18,000 tons were delivered to the Shipping Board during the week ending October 19. One steel 11,000-ton freighter was completed in 105 days at the Alameda, Cal., yard.

The Emergency Fleet Corporation hopes to reach a monthly output of half a million tons before the end of the year. If this is reached and maintained for a year longer it will mean that we shall have a total of 10,000,000 tons of shipping by the end of 1919.

An additional sum of \$120,000,000 for ship construction has been included in the appropriation bill before Congress, making a total of \$3,000,000,000 for ships. There may be a decided cut in building wooden ships so that money and effort shall concentrate on steel ships.

22,000,000 BUY BONDS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 31.—The total amount subscribed to the Fourth Liberty Loan has not yet been published. It appears certain that we had at least 22,000,000 subscribers, which is a finer thing than any amount of mere money, however large.

Countless stories of devotion and self-sacrifice cause the Treasury officials to say that words of thanks seem paltry in face of the deeds being reported. Our latest adopted child, the Virgin Islands, took \$36,000, and dollars are none too plentiful there.

The village of Palisades, N. J., over-subscribed 2,100 per cent, and probably takes the prize for the nation.

The Navy runs over \$40,000,000, with more in line.

POETS TAKE HAND IN PACKAGE PLAN

Nine by Four by Three Sug-
gestions Plentiful in
Rhyme

HOME PHOTOS STILL LEAD

Cake and Hard Candy Also In-
cluded in Most of Three-Pound
Christmas Ideas

The Christmas package suggestion plan has set the Amalgamated Order of Army Post to working overtime in direct violation of all known stipulations contained in the issue of O.D. poet's license. Walls a wagon soldier: I'm wantin' such a lotta things—to have 'em would be fine.

But Holy Smoke, when you put in a three by four by nine? If I don't get some sweets from home—now mind, this ain't no whine—'They'll be sendin' back what's left o' me in a three by four by nine.' Writes an infantry sergeant: 'Twas the month before Christmas, and all Everything was a-stirring like a midnight caucus. For the family was trying to decide what to do.

Contained in a box that is nine four by three. The suggestions of the family council are presented, and this conclusion is finally arrived at: For their gifts were so many, and the box so damn small They decided they couldn't send presents at all.

So the sergeant concludes with this bit of prophecy: So Christmas passed by without nary a But the kid next morning went over the top. And Fritz? Christmas carol of "Kamerad" Was the last little Christmas the kid ever had.

From the Prose Thinkers

Everybody in the A.E.F., however, is not looking upon the package as a subject for poetry. There are still a lot of hard-headed prose thinkers left in the Army.

"What do I want in my Christmas box?" inquires a top in the Engineers. "Nothing so merely useful as socks, razor blades, or even playing cards. The soldiers all use the usefulness of playing cards is going to make somebody sit up and take notice. He continues: "A fountain pen, a wrist watch, a pipe—well, maybe. But certainly some home-made fudge, some chocolate, some snapshots or pictures of the home folks, and some Christmas messages from home. And anything else that brings the atmosphere of home, the joy of Christmas, and a suggestion of the folks. Don't ask me what I want. I want not to know what is coming. I want to be surprised. I want the box to be simply a little section of home, anxiously studied over for days, packed with careful solicitude and radiating love and affection.

A private in Company G, Infantry, which has been fighting at Château Thierry and hasn't been out of sight of hard fighting several times since, votes this ticket: One piece fruit cake, one pound candy (at least), one package chewing gum, one lead pencil, two handkerchiefs, one pair gloves, a little stationery.

O.D. Thread and Buttons

Right behind him comes an Artilleryman with a suggestion for a fountain pen, wrist watch, knife, needles, O.D. thread, brown buttons, fudge and some photographs of the folks. He almost overlooked another poet. He starts out by telling what he doesn't want—scarfs, shirt studs, fur-lined gloves, sweaters, boots, cigarettes, razor or razor blades. These, he asserts, are either useless, issued or buyable in France. Well, yes, in some parts of France.

Here is what he does want: Just pack the latest pictures of mother and of dad. Of brother, sister and the home—they'll make me treble glad. And then just jam the box with love, as crumfall as a drum—puck my nine four three like that, and then we'll let it come.

The plan of THE STARS AND STRIPES, as previously announced, is simply to make up, from the lists sent in by members of the A.E.F., several ideal packages to guide home selection. These suggestions are to be cabled home for publication in ample time to be acted on before the closing date for delivery of packages to local postmasters—November 20.

Uncle Sam is sending 30,000 checks to Italy every month to relatives of Italian born soldiers in the A.E.F. The allotment bureau of the War Risk Section recently opened an office in Rome to see that the checks reach the persons for whom they are intended.

The Rome office was established after thousands of letters containing checks had been returned to the States because addresses could not be found. Now the Italian government and the American Red Cross, which has branches throughout the peninsula, are helping to find these missing relatives. The checks are sent to Rome in bundles and are mailed from there after the addresses have been verified.

The Rome bureau is receiving thousands of requests from all parts of Italy to find men who went to the United States before the war and are now believed to be in the American Army.

Reports of casualties also cause the bureau much extra labor. Ordinarily seeks clues between the sending of a man's name to the States for publication on the casualty lists and the receipt of the notice in Italy. In the meantime, friends of the man may have written to his relatives in Italy giving hints. Before the official notice arrives, relatives have in the past appealed to numerous agencies seeking confirmation.

COTTON GINNING INCREASE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 31.—Cotton ginning from January 1 to October 18 shows 6,750,000 bales, which is an increase of 1,200,000 bales over the corresponding period of last year.

Texas leads with 2,050,000 bales; then comes Mississippi with 583,000 bales, Arkansas with 447,000 and Louisiana with 325,000 bales.

COMING ELECTIONS TO BE REAL FIGHT FOR NEW CONGRESS

National Struggle on Single
Big Issue to Replace
Local Battles

PRESIDENT ISSUES APPEAL

Feeling Throughout Nation That
Old Political Lines Will Be
Flooded Out of Sight

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

AMERICA, Oct. 31.—The political preferences of the nation will be sharply proved by the Congressional elections next Tuesday.

Some months ago it seemed not altogether unlikely that the fight for the next Congress would be decided by local battles more or less bitterly fought out. Both parties have, however, elected to fight it out as a big national struggle on one big issue, so that quite apart from winning the next Congress, the people's decision next election day will be one of very great national import.

While previous speeches of Colonel Roosevelt and Senator Lodge had indicated the probable Republican stand, the actual campaign was opened by Senator Lodge in his election speeches, supported by other Republican Senators, with Colonel Roosevelt in close agreement, and Mr. Taft also supporting.

The President's Appeal

On October 24 President Wilson issued a long appeal to the nation to support him, saying, in part: "The Congressional elections are at hand. They occur in the most critical period our country has ever faced, or is likely to face in our time. If you have approved of my leadership and wish me to continue to be your unembarrassed spokesman in affairs at home and abroad, I earnestly beg that you will express yourselves unmistakably to that effect by returning a Democratic majority to both the Senate and the House of Representatives. . . . I have no thought of suggesting that any political party is paramount in matters of patriotism. I feel too deeply the sacrifices which have been made in this war by all our citizens, irrespective of party affiliations, to harbor such an idea."

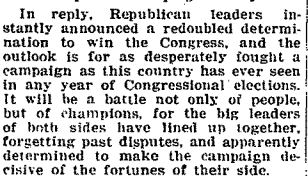
"I mean only that the difficulties and delicacies of our present task are of a sort that makes it imperatively necessary that the Nation should give its undivided support to the Government under a unified leadership, and that a Republican Congress would divide the leadership. "The peoples of the Allied countries with whom we are associated against Germany are quite familiar with the significance of elections. They would find it very difficult to believe that the voters of the United States had chosen to support their President by electing to the Congress a majority controlled by those who are not, in fact, in sympathy with the attitude and action of the Administration."

"If in those critical days it is your wish to sustain me with undivided mind, I beg that you will say so in a way which it will not be possible to misunderstand either here at home or among our associates on the other side of the sea."

Desperate Campaign Likely

In reply, Republican leaders instantly announced a redoubled determination to win the Congress, and the outlook is for as desperately fought a campaign as this country has ever seen in any year of Congressional elections. It will be a battle not only of people, but of champions, for the big leaders of both sides have lined up together, forgetting past disputes, and apparently determined to make the campaign decisive of the fortunes of their side. Thus the gravity of these election days is unexpectedly great. The issues are so vital that there is little of the prognostication by political sharps as to the possible result. Everybody seems to have a sense that all old political lines may be flooded out of sight. Local issues certainly will drop out of sight, for the big issue will not be candidates or Congressional seats, but the national expression of the American people's judgment and will in a time when that judgment and will shall carry a vast meaning to the whole world.

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A.E.F. HAS WORLD'S —LARGEST HOSPITAL

Seven of 17 Units Already
Operating at Coast
Establishment

NEAR GREAT OCEAN LANES

Forty Thousand Bed Institution
to Be Alongside Convalescent
Camp of 2,500 Capacity

Situated on a vast tract not far from the coast of what is really sunny France—namely, the southern part of the outskirts of a city famous in both English and French history, is what is destined to be, once completed, Uncle Sam's largest hospital in France.

It will be not only that; it will be probably the largest hospital in the world, with its 40,000 beds. Certainly it will be the largest military hospital for it will require not two or three of the ordinary sized hospital units to man it, but all of 17; and, in addition to the bed accommodation for 40,000 patients, there is to be alongside of it a convalescent camp to care of 2,500 more.

Of the 17 units comprising the hospital proper, seven are now in full operation, and awaiting the others.

To speed the completion of this mammoth curing plant, work is now being pushed on the housing of eight of the remaining 10 units while the ground for the final two is already broken and is being cleared. To this end the labor of four nations is engaged—French and Spanish civilian, American Engineers, Infantry and Artillery units, and the newly formed Army Service Corps, together with German prisoners, forming the working force that hopes to have all the buildings and outbuildings in shape to receive boarders before the worst of the winter.

Work Began in March

Work on the hospital, which is too big to be known by a single name as yet, but which already comprises Base Hospitals 1, 14 and 22, began last March, with the clearing off of the 2,400-acre site. Everywhere new walls had to be driven and a new sewerage system installed, for there had been few buildings on the land before and little demand for those two most necessary adjuncts to a hospital.

In the planning, too, was included space for a large vegetable farm, and in time, with the aid of convalescents, it is hoped to establish a dairy farm also. Already the laundry is up and working, a laundry large enough to accommodate all the linen of all the units and their changes without a single sheet having to be sent outside to the city to be washed.

As might be judged from its size, the newest and largest hospital will not be a specialists' hospital, but one for all manner of medical and surgical treatment of all manner of ills. It will have larger clinical facilities than any other in France, and from its situation near an important railroad junction, at the terminus of large through lines, will be able to disembark patients expeditiously and with the least possible use of the jolting ambulances.

But what will probably make it most attractive to the minds of sorely ill patients, present and prospective, will be its nearness to a direct transatlantic route, so that, in the unhappy case of their being marked "D," they will, at least, not have to journey or wait long before the realization of the universal patients' dream which is called Home.

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LIEUT. LUKE MISSING, ONE OF PAIRED ACES

Flyer Does Not Return After
Dropping Three Boche
Machines

Like a blazing meteor was the brief, brilliant career of Lieut. Frank Luke, Jr., as a fighting flyer in the American Air Service. He has been reported missing since he vanished over the German lines late on the afternoon of Sunday, September 29, the fourth day of the Argonne drive.

In his last 17 days at the front he had scored 13 victories, thereby tying the record of the American ace of aces, Lieut. Eddie Rickenbacker, and going one better than the great record of the late Major Lufbery.

His most celebrated exploit was staged in the sky behind St. Mihiel when he brought down two balloons and three airplanes in less than ten minutes. Lieutenant Luke was a reckless and trouble-seeking pilot, fond of lone guerilla warfare, and only too likely to land far from his own base, so that he could stop up again with ammunition and gasoline and be off again on his solitary offensive.

So it happened on September 29. Early that afternoon he had brought down a Boche plane, returned to a forward field for supplies, and gone out again, flying alone, far over the German lines, in broad daylight, all regulations to the contrary notwithstanding.

At 4:30 that afternoon a Spad dropped a message asking that some one keep on the lookout for burning balloons beyond Arocourt. The message was signed "Lieutenant Luke."

At 5:05 two Boche balloons were seen to fall in flames. Seven minutes later a third blazed and fell.

Lieutenant Luke did not return. He had always been death on balloons. There were 14 on his list of victories.

Lieutenant Luke, who was 21 and hailed from Phoenix, Ariz., belonged to a brilliant pursuit group—one boasting 14 aces, of whom five had been killed. One has returned home as instructor, and eight were, at last accounts, still flying.

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES

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FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1918

M.P.'S

We used to think him pretty important when he first showed up in the base port town with his brand new M.P. band on his sleeve and his lordly way of looking up even the top sergeant if the top sergeant got drunk.

Yet he seemed even more important up on the edge of Belleau Woods, when he appeared to suspect every one in American uniform of being a German spy and when his brow was furrowed from his anxiety lest a car, carrying a lot of perfectly good colonels, should take the wrong turning and drive innocently into Germany.

But in Argonne, in the course of such a mighty drive as the Americans launched there in late September, when the whole success of the thrust can be measured and modified by the speed with which the guns, ammunition and rations are pushed along after the doughboys, when a road tie-up can strangle a whole battalion, then does the M.P. rise to his full stature, his dominant figure towering above the sluggish streams of traffic, the effect of his work—for better or for worse—felt from one end of the battlefield to the other.

"Play the game, boys. Obey the M.P.'s." So runs the new gospel of the highway, now nailed on many a tree and pole in Argonne.

Play the game, M.P.'s. Granted a foresighted, well-ordered traffic scheme to begin with, then, in your hands, rest many priceless American lives. On the fullness and accuracy of your memory, on the sagacity of your decisions, on the squareness of your jaw—above all, on the squareness of your jaw—the battle may depend. Play the game, M.P.'s.

AMERICA

When, in 1910, Frank Savicki, late of Vilna, Russia, stepped ashore at Ellis Island, New York, immigration officials were in some doubt about letting him and his sister in. They might have been sent back to Vilna had not Frank's uncle arrived on the scene with proof that he was able to care for them and borne them off to their new home in Shenandoah, Pennsylvania.

When, in April, 1917, America went to war, Frank Savicki went, too, and not long after.

The embattled months went by, Chateau-Thierry was lost and won, and Frank Savicki, late of Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, was a prisoner in German hands.

Followed 76 days of brutal captivity, and at the end of the 76, a thoroughly well figure in remnants of olive drab climbed out of the waters of a little half-German stream and set foot on the dry and hospitable ground of Switzerland.

It was not Frank Savicki, the Russian Pole. It was Frank Savicki, the American.

PRICES

The Yankee soldier has found that there are two kinds of storekeepers in France. You will find the same two kinds in America.

There is the salesman of the type that a comedian impersonated at a certain French theater which is playing to almost exclusively American audiences. The jokemaster goes into the selling game on the stage, and exhibits three price tags—two francs fifty for the French; five francs for the English, and ten francs for the Americans. The witicism provokes much laughter and applause among the American spectators.

Then there is the kind that is represented by a certain French stationer. An American soldier went in to buy some envelopes. All goods were clearly marked. He chose a package of 24 envelopes bearing a tag inscribed "75 centimes." Quite sure that here, at least, there could be no price-boasting, he handed the saleswoman the required amount. She returned 25 centimes as she gave him his package. "It's 50 centimes to military," she said.

SELF-MADE HEROES

Newspapers throughout the United States printed not long ago on their front pages a story, originating in an Ohio city, describing how one of that city's native sons—a lieutenant who had been a Princeton football star—had saved the lives of General Pershing and Marshals Haig and Foch.

He had been guiding the distinguished leaders across a battlefield when he heard a shell coming. In true Dick Merriwell style he had lifted his bolo knife—no, never heard that lieutenants carried bolo knives—and used it as a bat, deflecting the shell so that it exploded at a harmless distance. He had received highest decorations from three nations. It was all true, because the lieutenant had written about it in a letter.

Later, of course, another story was printed. The lieutenant had cabled a hurried denial, saying, "I thought you would know it was all a joke."

Papers back home more recently printed a letter from another lieutenant—an airman—who described how he had changed

from one plane to another in midair. The sequel to this story is not yet at hand.

There is a lesson in these back-home stories for those men in the A.E.F. who try to make their letters interesting for limited family circulation. Camouflaged romances usually have kick-backs. Stick to the truth.

THE Q.M.

Tempus fugit. Also, the world goes around.

Which sage observations signify reminiscence and thought. It was—let's see—it was in August, 1917.

We had approached the supply sergeant about the little matter of a shoestring. Didn't we know that shoestrings could be issued only on the afternoon of the second Thursday of an odd month when the moon happened to be in the last quarter and the Q.M. sergeant at the nearest depot wasn't suffering from writer's cramp after adding the 27th Indorsement to the letter of the supply sergeant of Aug. 8, 1904, re soap?

We went off to hunt a piece of twine and speculate on what would happen to this war if the Q.M. Sgt. happened to get writer's cramp right in the middle of it.

Tempus has lugged 14 months. The world has gone around 400-odd times—and the Q.M. department talks of business methods and efficiency and declares that it has a lot to learn from the commercial system of private enterprise which enabled a 5, 10 and 15 cent store proprietor to build the tallest office building in the world. In convention assembled, its heads denounce red tape and proclaim themselves the servants of the rest of the Army.

Looking back, it seems that events have moved faster than tempus and the world. In 14 months the A.E.F. has passed from infancy to adolescence, America has landed nearly 2,000,000 men in Europe and the Q.M. Corps is supplying them. And some time, in the rush of happenings of the eventful spring and summer of 1918—we can't just fix the exact time—the fretful doughboy stopped criticizing the Q.M. It was largely because the Q.M. was giving him good service and he didn't find anything to complain about.

Efficiency, we should say, is already a realization in the Q. M. Corps, and the formal burying of red tape at the depot Q.M.'s meeting a week or two ago was just a belated requiem.

THE CASUAL

Here he comes and there he goes, the rolling stone of the Army, the best example extant of the guy that needs a friend.

From the hospital, from D.S., from the training camp, from nowhere in particular he struggles by, his pack, his wardrobe, everything that he possesses in this war with him. Rations in kind and transportation, third class, have done their worst. He strikes a straw to which, perforce, he clings for a moment—a board which examines him and questions him, sorts him and grades him, decides his future for better or for worse. And then on again to where?

From somewhere, going somewhere, with only a boot and a shove to help him on his dreary way.

What, without asking, hither, hurried Whence? And, without asking, Whither hurried hence? Ah, many a cup of this forbidden wine must drown the memory of that insolence.

DRESS UP THAT LINE

Find a map—the larger the scale, the better will it serve the purpose—and trace out on it the twisting, zigzaggy, raggedy line that represents the boundary between Belgium and Holland. It resembles a streak of lightning that didn't work the first time, was used once or twice more, and butted into a piece of handiwork on the fourth try and collapsed.

Along that malformed geometrical specimen the extreme right wing of the German war bird—the extreme right pin feathers on the extreme right wing, in fact—is trying feebly to flap to a standstill. Not long since that extreme right, and the extreme Allied left, rested among the dunes that front the North Sea at Nieuport.

The German right and the Allied left are not resting now. They are moving in the same direction, but it is not hard to imagine which of them has the bigger job. The last man on the German right, at the end of a warped line that draggles away until it hits the Swiss frontier hundreds of kilometers away, is the busiest right guide that history ever had.

DR. DONEY

The following is taken from the *Evening Telegram* of Portland, Ore.:

Strong sentiments against the distribution of tobacco among the American soldiers in France were expressed last night by Dr. Carl Doney, president of Willamette University, who spoke before the congregation of Centenary Methodist Church of "What I Saw in France." Dr. Doney, who has just returned from six months of Y.M.C.A. work which took him within three miles of the German trenches, declared that if he had charge of the Red Cross he would not allow shipments of tobacco to American troops and would forbid the sale of it in "Y" huts. Dr. Doney pointed out that this is the first war where the best women have followed the fighters from camp to camp in the capacity of Y.W.C.A., Red Cross or Salvation Army workers. He urged America to clean up morally and adopt national prohibition before the troops return.

"France missed her chance when she failed to enact prohibition right after the war broke out, and the United States should profit by her lesson," said the speaker.

Anybody got a light?

PHYSICALLY UNFIT

Men who would not ordinarily be accepted for overseas duty are to be brought to France by tens of thousands to do their share of the gigantic tasks of the S.O.S.

Men accepted in recent draft contingents have been graded into various groups of fitness, and one group is marked "Limited Service."

Men handicapped by slight defects which in other days were sufficient to bar them from service are having those defects skillfully and permanently remedied.

Men disabled at the front are reclassified and assigned to work which their disabilities will not prevent them from performing.

He is a pretty seriously crippled person, mentally or physically, these days who cannot be of some service to his country.

The Army's Poets

THE ROAD TO MONTFAUCON

"M.P., the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucun?
The road, sir, black with mules and carts
And brown with men marching on—
The Rouanne woods that lie beyond
The ruined heights of Montfaucun—
And outraged gods and creeds.

"There lies the road from Avocourt
That leads to Montfaucun
Past sniper and machine gun nests,
By steel and thermite cleaned. They're gone—
And there in lundrous echelon
The ruined heights of Montfaucun."
HAROLD RIEBELMAN, 1st Lt., C.W.S.

IF I WERE A COOTIE

If I were a cootie (pro-Ally, of course),
I'd hit me away on a Potsdam-bound horse,
And I'd seek out the Kaiser (the war-maddened cuss).
And I'd be a bum cootie if I didn't muss
His imperial hide from his head to his toe!
He might hide from the bombs, but I'd give him
no show!

If I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat the Kaiser,
Ah, oui!
And after I'd thoroughly covered Bill's area,
I'd hasten away to the Prince of Bavaria,
And cheer him a round or two—under the
Linden.
Then pack up my things and set out for old
Hindun.
(Oh! Hindun's the guy always talking 'bout
strafing.)
To think what I'd do to that bird sets me
laughing!

If I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat the Prince and old Hindun,
Ah, oui!
I'd ne'er get fed up on Imperial gore—I
might rest for a while, but I'd go back for
more.
I'd spend a few days with that Austrian crew,
And young Carl himself I'd put down for a
clue.
There'd be no meatless days for this cootie, I
know.
They'd all get one jolly good strafing or so.
For if I were a cootie, I'd deem it my duty
To thus treat their damships,
Ah, oui!

Sgt. A. P. BOWEN, R.T.O.

NO GREATER LOVE

Not all the saints lived in the distant past;
Not all God's heroes died in bygone age;
Each day those deeds of old are far surpassed
By valorous feats inscribed on history's page.
The Lord of all has said: "No greater love
Hath any man than this: 'He risked his life
To save his friend; and angel choirs alone
Burst into song when he passed through the
strife."
Lt. Chaplain THOMAS F. COAKLEY.

THE ETERNAL QUESTION

I ain't much worried 'bout them Boche,
An' worry less about them Turks.
An' th' Austrians ain't a-doin' much,
A-juggin' by their works.

I 'low from readin' papers,
Seen' what them rulers say,
That they're gettin' tired o' fightin',
An' we'll all have peace some day.

An' I ain't a-feelin' sorry,
'Cause I've lost a blame good pal;
An' th' heart o' me is full o' bad,
'Jus' because o' some durn gal.

An' th' ole high cost o' livin'
Never troubles me no more;
An' I ain't begin'n' to worry
'Bout some job at th' close o' war.

But they is one pesky question
That is always puzzlin' me,
An' they ain't no use in tryin'—
I kinnt make it leave me be—

An' th' doggone cause o' trouble
That is bringin' all this wail
Don't take very long in statin'—
Where in hell is all our mail?

Cpl. VANCE C. GRISS, Engrs.

TO JIMMY

Jimmy, pal, you're gone away,
An' I never seem like day,
The sun shines bright as burnished gold;
We were bunkies, you and I,
An' th' heart o' me is full o' bad,
When I think of you a-lyin' stiff an' cold.

But, old scout, you did your part,
An' th' better, stronger heart
Ever beat beneath an O.D. flannel shirt;
In your mind, the thought of right;
In your body, strength to fight;
An' you've hallowed one small plot of France's
dirt.

But your mother—yes, I know—
Wish of course, she loved you, bo,
And she smiled the day you bade them all
goodbye;
You were brave an' had to give,
But th' liberty might live,
She sent you—and the pride shone in her eye.

She will miss you, Jimmy, boy,
Life won't seem so full of joy,
An' the days will drag, an' nights will never
end.

But you did all man can do;
You were brave an' you were true;
She'll still be glad she had a son to send.
Pvt. E. M. POSTER.

THE ARTILLERY SCHOOL OF FIRE

The school is ended with great eclat,
And the students merrily laugh and sing,
But I'm not as one with the happy throng,
For I've found that I don't know a gold-dorn thing.

I've chased Omega and Lambda 'round,
And I had a time with angle Phi,
But I never quite caught up with him,
So all worn out I just sit and sigh.

I chased all over the blamed terrain
And followed the line they call "Y";
I've ruined my eyes on the frantic search
For targets that merrily play "I spy."

So the school is over and I am done,
And I stand as flat as a cake I know;
The next thing will be a quiet spot
And a lovely brassard with "R.T.O."

JULIUS W. KING, 2nd Lt. F.A.

LINES TO FATHER TIME

With flesh and iron and fuel and steam,
Man seeks his way to the constant scheme;
Yet, racer and liner and aeroplane,
I strip them all with a single dream—
A wink and a nod and I'm home again.

I mock your flight and its swift advance;
Though you show the road in a merry dance
As hand in hand, ever on we roam,
Through the day's and the night's and the dawn,
With night I'm back—and the folks are home!

ARTHUR MORRIS, A.E.F.

AU REVOIR

"Goodbye, old boy, till we meet again."
So rings our wish to friends that go.
May their path on the ocean of life be calm,
And the dark darkness of night, may beacon stars
glow.

"Goodbye, goodbye," 'tis all we say,
Yet the heart in its silence will often speak
most;
And our mute farewell, a prayer is,
That their bark may steer safe of a rock-
bound coast.

A thousand friends we greet each day,
With but a handshake and a smile;
In haste we chat of home,
For we know they tarry but a while.
And soon will come another call
To duty's lines—"Is nothing new?"

And once again the words may flow,
"Goodbye, old boy, good luck to you."

And in this play of life's grim strife,
While tarrying here, till comes my turn,
I ask no greater boon than this—
That in my breast forever may burn
The light of friendship, warm, sincere,
That may the day of my day flow,
That sad sweet parting phrase of cheer—
"Goodbye, old boy, good luck to you."

FELIX GUIDO.

A CHECK FROM HOME



NOW AS ALWAYS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

"He was in a safe place as commissary sergeant, two miles from the field of battle. His duty was to guard the ration line until called for. Soldiers fight for better on full than empty stomachs, and so thought this practical commissary sergeant. After evening fell, two mule wagons loaded with food and hot coffee were going under heavy fire from the enemy straight for the boys at the front, and the driver of the first wagon—and the one which got through—was Sergeant McKinley."

This is not a citation for a D.S.C. for some daring exploit at St. Mihiel, but is the simple performance of duty on the field at Antietam by William McKinley, who has left so honorable a name in our history. The account, by Chamcey Depew, reads further:

"Our army was retreating down the Valley of Virginia. Brigade after brigade of exhausted troops passed a battery of four guns which had been abandoned in the road. The boys will hold them," said McKinley, and, responding to his enthusiasm and example, his comrades did.

"He was the staff officer selected to carry an order to the regiment in a perilous position to join the main column. It was believed that no one could ride across the enemy's front and reach his destination alive. The gallant major never hesitated, but quickly and quickly obeyed orders and saved the regiment."

Do not these extracts show that the basic problem of our Civil War, as of the world war today, was a problem of stamina in the individual soldier, of that personal valor which arises not from recklessness, but from sincerity and earnestness of purpose? Let it not be said that the war in which we are engaged is one of machinery, of the scientific slaughter of men; for these are not essential differences from previous conflicts, but only differences in degree.

Still is needed, and still will prevail over the most ingeniously diabolical machinery of the enemy, the spirit of McKinley and these other great Americans whose character was formed in the bitter struggles and sacrifices of their day. The power of a machine, however great, is limited by physical laws; but the power of a man has no limits, resting as it does upon psychological bases—his spiritual equipment, his integrity and strength of purpose, his capacity for sentiment and human affection, his courage in circumstance may magnify indefinitely. The depth of the soul has never been sounded.

The experiences through which we are to go will develop the best that is in us and burn away the dross. We are going to learn the lesson of brotherly love as we face death alongside our comrades. And the reward shining always before us will be a sensible gain in appreciation for the real, lasting values of life; a realization of those sterner, finer qualities which come as the baccalaureate to all who pass through this hard schooling.

Such were the qualities manifested by those Americans whose names we love to honor, the "Boys of '61," who, resolutely facing the grim requirements of duty, became thereby the men of '65 and the dominant figures in the national life for a generation to come. They proved that martial valor, when serving a just cause, is the inspiration and the heart of the nation's attributes most to be admired.

In gaining the affection and trust of their countrymen, they received a compensation which will be ours, too, if we hold true to their ideals.

Pvt. FRANK DONISHEA, San. Det., F.A.

TO DECIDE A BET

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

To decide a bet I would like to have you answer the following in your next issue: Can a first lieutenant, who, we will say, is a commander of a company, take two days' pay out of a private's wages without either a summary or general court martial? A says no officer can touch a private's wages without a court martial. B says it can be done. We will suppose said private was AWOL for two days.

Pvt. J. MAHON, A.A.A.

[Pay cannot be taken out without the holding of a summary court martial or by the soldier's consent, in which case, as a disciplinary measure, his pay can be forfeited.—Editor.]

OFFICERS ONLY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

A few nights ago I visited one of the cafés in this city and was informed by the waiter that it had been reserved for company. As I had been in the habit of visiting this same café for the last six months or so, I was of course surprised, especially as I was in the company of a French family which included a French officer.

Thinking the order came from French authorities and because of the fact that I was with French people, I was about to leave without questioning, when my friends demanded the reason and were informed by

the waiter that the café had been closed to all Americans except commissioned officers.

This incident has aroused quite a little discussion among the enlisted men of this locality, some claiming there is a General Order out to the effect that no public place such as a restaurant or café can be open to officers to the exclusion of enlisted men, this outside of the fact that we are missing our good beer—the best in town.

In regard to the General Order, there is quite a lot of money involved in it, and I would be thankful if you would let me know whether or not it exists:

Cpl. M. A. McNULTA, Engrs.

[There is no General Order on this subject. As far as the Army is concerned, this is a matter for the post commandant to determine. It is not clear from the letter whether this rule was made by the proprietors of the café, the French civil authorities, or the post commandant.—Editor.]

HE WANTS ACTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

I am a steady customer of THE STARS AND STRIPES, and I like to read it, but as I was reading it through I ran across a piece about a man wanting to be transferred to the Infantry, and he said it seems he can't get a chance, and wants to know why, and there has been a lot of howling about it.

Well, I agree with that man, and here is another howl, and I think that a howl is needed, and this is the reason, especially in my case. First I am an Infantryman and well onto the game, gave my home to fight and soldier. I am an ex-Marine, and also a doughboy, but I am here in the Engineers, now, and we are in France, but I might as well be in the States, for I wouldn't be a bit closer to the front.

Second, I have no trade. Why not classify the men of the — Regiment, T.C.? I am sure there are men who are not mechanics and are only taking the place of real mechanics who are at the front. So I don't think that is right.

Third, I have already heard a few of us called embusques, that we are afraid of the front, and that we can never shoot a Hun here, and that the boys at the front have the advantage of becoming thoughtful men, and receiving D.S.C.'s. So get hep, and give us change places, or place men here who have been up and wounded, and are unfit for the front. Give us a chance, and take an interest in my plea. Please publish this.

JOSEPH HUTTEN,

Co. M., Regt., Engineers, T.C.

OUR AVIATION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

If you read the *Literary Digest* and many other of our leading American weeklies you will notice that they are still guilty of printing highly colored pictures of the American Aviation, the planes in which all bear the obsolete insignia of the star in the circle.

Of course, Infantrymen and Artillerymen cannot be wholly to blame if subconsciously they look for this rejected insignia, having had it flashed before their eyes every time they have picked up such magazines as the Y.M.C.A. or K. of C. but.

New outfits just arriving from the States may wonder where our Aviation is, not recognizing the true American identification mark. The American cocarde, painted on the wings, consists, as do all Allied cocardes, of three circles—the outer one red, the middle one blue, and the center white.

The French outer circle is red, the middle is white and the center is blue.

The English outer circle is blue, the middle is white and the center is red.

The Belgian outer circle is red, the middle is yellow and the center is black.

The Italian outer circle is red, the middle is white and the center is green.

Nothing need be said of the German cocarde; they all know it.

I have the feeling that if you publish the substance of this letter, emphasizing our own insignia, you will not only be doing a service to the Aviation, but also to those who still wonder if we have any planes at the front.

LEO A. SMITH,

1st Lt., Air Service.

FIRST AID SOUGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

Just a few lines letting you know we are still alive at Beaufort War Hospital, Fish Ponds, Bristol, England. We have been here about two weeks with nary a sign of any paymaster. I wish you would see what you can do about getting us some pay.

Since being here we have been visited by the Red Cross, who very kindly gave us a kit with the exception of a razor. There also were some Y.M.C.A. workers here who gave us each a pack of cigarettes and some writing paper.

If we don't get some money soon we will lose our rep. gained in France, of American soldier, plenty money. Hoping you will help us out of our difficulty, we remain,

BROCK IN ELBERT.

TWO LETTERS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:

The drive for more money which the Y.M.C.A. proposes to make in the near future calls for far more definite information as to what they did with the first subscription than has yet been made.

They work under great difficulties and have done a great deal of good, but the fact remains that the men as a whole feel that their relatives and friends are paying a very high

IN MEMORIAM FATHER O'FLAHERTY

When the 28th Infantry came out of the line in Argonne to sprawl in well-earned rest, any visitor to the candle-lit billets or to the little October campfires was sure, sooner or later, to hear the talk reach the name of their lost friend and priest, Father O'Flaherty—Chaplain C. E. O'Flaherty, killed in action at Vercy, France, October, 1918.

Then is the time to get at the truth about a man, because after such a battle death seems far too common a thing for any one to have pretty nothing said about him just because he is dead.

One night, when the fog dimmed the light of the full moon, they were talking about Father O'Flaherty—a chance miscellany of officers and men, gathered around a sunken fire, where, on a sizzling griddle, some one was turning the flapjacks made from a supply of recently acquired German flour.

"It was with him when he was killed—or not more than 20 feet away," a young lieutenant said. "All that morning he had been burying German dead. Then at noon, when a shell struck a truck at Vercy at the crossroads which used to be very—and when every one scattered to the four winds, Father O'Flaherty hopped off to the place to see who was hurt and what could be done about it. The second shell got him—killed him outright."

Thought Cane Was Landed
"Nervy guy, he was," the cook observed. "The doughboys tell me he went over the top with them at every fight since Soissons."

"Sure he did. I can see him now with that big cane of his—parading along through the mud. I remember how he used to point this way and that with it. Once, when he was talking to a bunch of German prisoners at St. Mihiel the way to the nearest lock-up for Heineke, he had to do all his talking with the cane. They thought he was going to hit them and yelled 'Kamerad' till he most died laughing."

"He accused me of swearing at him at St. Mihiel," said a captain, grinning reminiscently. "I denied it."

"Yes, you did, captain," he says, trying to look solemn, and highly improper it was, too. It was just before the zero hour and you barked at me, 'Keep that doughnut out of yours down or you'll lose it.'"

"What I used to enjoy," said another, "was watching him suavely toying with all of you, making monkeys of you when you didn't know it. A man of the world he was, and you were all just children in his hands."

There was no denial.
"Do you remember his blessed bedding roll? Lord, it was the biggest and finest in the A.E.F.—size of an eight-room cottage. A gift, I think, from his loving parish out in Mitchell, South Dakota. When he died, he was too green to know the trenches were not palatial enough to make room for that kind of housekeeping."

"Well, it was brought up on a munition cart, and the driver forgot to push it off at the P.C. as he had been told. Later on, further down the line, with a shell which blew the darned bedding roll up a tree."

"It mystified Jerry a good deal. Finally, he must have decided it was a sniper's nest, for he potted away at it all the next week. Poor old bedding roll! It was wounded in a thousand places!"

A Mathematical Debate
"I remember once when he first came to France," the R. of C. man said. "He was billeted right next one of those big French naval guns, and while we were waiting for him one rainy day we saw him through the window, pacing up and down the road, talking, talking, talking to a little polio, the mathematician of the battery, whose job was to calculate the trajectories and all that sort of thing."

"Well, Father," we said when he came in at last, "been showing him how to hit the cathedral at Metz?" "Not exactly," he said; "that little chap's a priest. I've just come from confession."

"That new chaplain of ours is no slouch, either," said a man from the Engineers who had dropped in hopefully, smelling the griddlecakes from afar. "Name's Cannon. Don't know where he comes from. Not a Catholic, I imagine. Don't know just what he is, but he's a good one. When they ask him, he just says, 'I'm what you are.' He made a good many friends on Hill 269."

"I guess you know it was the Engineers who took that little old hill for you, and a rotten fight it was, for we haven't a lot of machine guns and hand grenades and fancy things like you fellows have. Just rifles and shovels for us. Well, the chaplain, he was in the thick of it every minute. I'll never forget him burying that officer. Dug the grave with one of thoseinky little Medical Department axes. Covered him over, dropped on his knees and whistled taps over the grave. That chaplain doesn't know what fear is."

"Same with O'Flaherty," said the cook.
"That was the trouble," said the private, pouring out the last spoonful of batter and, as he did so, unconsciously phrasing for all of them the dead priest's epitaph. "He was too damned brave."

PREMIUM CHANGES
FIGURED ON JULY 1

War Risk Regulation Alters
Present Computation
from Birthday

The monthly premium rate on War Risk insurance policies will hereafter change on July 1 for every policy holder, instead of on his birthday, as previously. This means that no changes will be made in the premium rate for any one in the A.E.F. until July 1, 1919.

Thus, if a soldier took out a policy for \$10,000 at the age of 27, his birthday being May 25, and his monthly premium \$6.70, he will not begin to pay a monthly premium of \$6.80 until July 1, 1919. Under the former ruling he would have to pay \$6.80 beginning with the premium deduction from his May, 1919, pay.

In cases where the insurance has become effective since July 1, 1918, the premium change will come into operation July 1, 1920, not July 1, 1919.

RUBBING IT IN
"Get any mail today?"
"Yes, a railroad folder telling me to see America first."

IT MUST BE LAUGHING GAS



WHEN THE BIG TANKS GO OVER

When the future dissipates the sheen of anonymity which shrouds many incidents of today, the annals of the American Tanks Corps will supply their share of thrills for the history of this war. Something is known of the exploits of the American small tanks in the crushing of the St. Mihiel salient and the desperate fighting in the Argonne. Less has been heard of the American-manned heavy tanks.

American-manned heavies—of British design and manufacture—are operating, however, and have already won their spurs. They were with the American troops with the British Army in Picardy in the last month. They forged ahead with the Infantry in the historic assault which broke the Hindenburg line.

As we compute things in this war, they were few in numbers. But, in their debut into European warfare, the Americans worked beside and held their own with veteran British tank men, and won the latter's praise and commendation.

The Bellecourt region was the only stretch of front in Picardy where the Hindenburg line did not have the protection of water frontage. Being the only vulnerable sector to attack by tanks, the Boche had massed anti-tank weapons there without stint. If it had been possible for the Germans to stop tanks, they would have stopped them there.

The British officers didn't make any bones about these facts when they gave the American tank crews their instructions.

"It's going to be a hot fight," the tanks were told, "but you'll get through."

The prediction was right. The fighting was hot, and the tanks got through. Their losses were not heavy. In fact, considering the preparations of the Germans and their determination to cling to the Hindenburg line, they were surprisingly light both in tanks and men. The figures are regarded as evidence of the wonderful offensive value of the tank in general and a testimonial to the ability of the Americans that manned them.

One of the most notable feats of the heavies was performed by a tank commanded by a lieutenant which, unattended by Infantry, broke through the Hindenburg line, passed two more support lines important enough to have a name of their own on the Boche war map, crossed a small river and wound up in a village which was then being utilized as a German reserve camp.

On the way the Germans tried every way they could to stop the monster, but it was unharmed when it gained the village and opened up on the reserves with six pounders and all its machine guns. The Germans disappeared in all directions. Then the Boche artillery scored three direct hits on the tank.

A direct hit on the tank is usually not so bad on the occupants as it sounds. Even a big shell rarely causes casualties to more than a few of the crew. In this instance four men escaped from the tank, and two of them, the lieutenant and a sergeant, rejoined their command after being listed as missing two days. They had crawled back through the Boche lines.

The tanks usually line up and start from a tape very much like foot racers at a track meet. The tape is laid by reconnaissance men. It is usually a little distance behind the front line.

On one occasion, so it seemed to the tank men, it was very far behind the front line, however. On the other hand it seemed to be in front of it. The tanks got under way all right, but they had gone only a few yards when they found themselves in the thick of it with German machine gun nests on all sides.

"The man that laid that tape," observed the sergeant, "was the greatest optimist I ever saw."

The noise of the engines drowns the noise of battle in the heavies. The operators are not even annoyed by the sound of their own machine guns or six pounders. Also, odors in a tank from gasoline, engine oil, heated metal, departing six-pound shells, and so forth, are varied. It takes a keen nose to detect the presence of gas.

A tank crew's activity is not necessarily terminated if their ship is put out of commission, as was proved several times.

One sergeant got out of a disabled tank, too command of an Infantry platoon, and fought for two days. The crew of a second tank, when their unnatural means of locomotion went out of commission, detached their machine guns and went forward as an improvised machine gun squad.

On another occasion a British officer, seeing an American tank stalled, asked for two volunteers to replace two British machine gunners who had been wounded. Everybody volunteered, but the British officer would take only two.

A dispute followed which was settled in a military manner. There were two lieutenants in the tank. They issued an order to themselves to go and then instructed all the enlisted men to stand by the tank.

A major went forward in one of the tanks, and evidently something happened to him which ought not to have happened to a major. A lieutenant, following in its wake, was hastening to overtake this same tank when he came upon a doughboy sergeant trudging rearward.

"Did you see a tank passing this way?" asked the lieutenant.
"Yes," said the doughboy, "and I saw something else I never saw before. I saw a major in dungarees, and he had a wrench in his hand and was working."

For the most part the tanks had heavy fighting, but sometimes they didn't. One tank had been reeling along at its three-mile-an-hour utmost for 40 minutes, and the impatient crew had seen nary a sign of a German. Finally the commander stuck his head out and sought information from an Infantry captain.

"Where the devil are those Boches?" he demanded. "They must be moving out by train."

Although the tank men are proud of their prowess and the crews lose frequent bouquets to each other, they are enthusiastic admirers of the Infantry which battled at their side through many weary miles. Anybody who says anything about an American doughboy has got a tank man to fight.

It is about the same the other way, too. The tank man and the Infantry man are buddies.

There is one Infantry officer of whom the tank operators talk often. During an attack the advance had been held up by a group of Boche machine gun nests particularly well emplaced. The Infantry could not dislodge them. The lieutenant had been painfully wounded trying, but he refused to go to the rear.

Instead, he limped through the woods until he had enlisted the services of five American tanks. He got them together, lined them up and pointed out the Germans. Together the tanks rushed the positions and broke through.

The lieutenant waited until he saw the Boche give way. Then he fainted and was carried off the field.

OWL
white OWL
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THE STARS AND STRIPES, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1918.

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BAND LEADER'S RANK BASED ON EXPERIENCE

First or Second Lieutenant
According to Length
of Service

The commissioned officer who will act as band leader under the new tables of organization outlined in G.O. 123 will be a first lieutenant if he has had five or more years' service in that capacity in the Regular Army, National Army or National Guard. Band leaders who have had less than five years of such service will be commissioned as second lieutenants.

In commissioning band leaders, those now in service will be given preference. The band of every regiment entitled to one will consist of the following personnel:

One first or second lieutenant band leader; enlisted, one band leader, one assistant band leader, one sergeant bugler, four band sergeants, six band corporals, six musicians, first class, ten musicians, second class, 20 musicians third class; total, 50.

Divisional and corps engineer regiments are entitled, in addition to the above, to two cooks.

The commissioned band leader will be an additional member of the headquarters company, and will be responsible to the company commander for the discipline, instruction and general efficiency of the band members.

The enlisted vacancies in headquarters companies thus created will be filled by transfer as far as possible.

The total instrumentation provided is 47 pieces. In place of bassoons and oboes, which are not suitable for marching, two soprano saxophones and a snare drum

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to know that the Can-
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are provided. The bassoonist, while on march, will also operate the cymbals. This will bring the actual total number of instruments in the band's care to 51. The Q.M. has been directed to double the initial allowance for band music for all new bands. It has been \$100. The present quarterly allowance for the purchase of music, \$15, will be trebled. The necessary band instruments will be bought in France. Music paper and other needed material will be bought in Europe or en route thereto, if in the Q.M.'s opinion it is in the best interests of the government to do so.

THOSE MODEST VICTORS
It was at the conclusion of a charming evening of craps in the billet upstairs over where the he-goats lived.

"Well," acknowledged the party who had made seven straight naturals with 20 franc notes all over the blanket, "I'm just even."

The men who had done most of the heavy fading looked up and, struggling to restrain his sarcasm, inquired: "Even with who? Carnegie?"

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OBSTACLE RACE FOR RUNNERS WHO TRAIL LOST WIRE

Swamp, Pigeons and Rats
in Path, and a Few
Germans

CINCH, SAYS LIEUTENANT

But He's Been Looking for Pri-
vates Ganigu and Berry Ever
Since He Said It

Through the blackness of the Argonne night Private Joe Ganigu and Sam Berry, battalion runners, stole forward through a dense undergrowth. Ganigu with his left arm clasped around a box of carrier pigeons and his right main-
taining contact with Berry, who was following a telephone wire that led off toward the front lines and their destination.
Suddenly, Berry halted Ganigu by thrusting an open palm back into the latter's face. "Keep quiet, for God's sake," Berry said. "We've walked into a German P.C."

Orders to Follow Wire

The pair had set forth an hour before to follow the telephone wire from a P.C. On arriving at the P.C. they were to deliver the box of pigeons, which had been requisitioned by telephone. Then they were to return by the same route to their starting point.
Berry hung on the telephone wire like grim death, fearing that if he were to let go for one instant he would be unable to pick it up again from the string of twisted strands of which it was one of the indistinguishable many.
The pair halted after following the wire to what appeared to be the outer edge of a vast swamp. At first the water was only above their shoe tops, but gradually it became deeper and deeper. Before long they were in it to their waists, then they were wading up to their armpits.

On Dry Ground at Last

Ganigu held his box of pigeons over his head, while Berry picked away at the wire. They had waded almost a kilometer, it seemed, when the wire that was following became so twisted in other wires that they could not make head or tail of it. In the darkness and the wet, all wires felt alike.
Ganigu waded on ahead with his pigeons and finally announced to Berry, still in the water, that he had reached dry ground. He placed his pigeons on the ground and then followed the wires back to where Berry was clinging to the original wire, his teeth chattering, and swearing at intervals in a way that would have shamed the most able mule skinner of that division.
When the two runners had disengaged the tangle and made shore, they found the pigeons in a great flutter. Some animal, a rat in all probability, had discovered them in Ganigu's absence and had made attempts at plunder. In the excitement of the discovery, Berry let go on the previous wire, whereupon he had to wade back to the center of the pond and pick it up again. He was not sure he had the right wire, but both runners were willing to take a chance on it rather than go back and start all over again.
Following the uncertain wire, the two kept on through the woods, through dense undergrowth and over shell holes, until Ganigu, bringing up the rear, saw Berry disappear from sight in what appeared to be a deep well. Berry was unhurt, but he had lost his wire again. He climbed out of the hole into which he had stumbled and again chose a wire from among the many, hoping that luck was with him.
Another hundred meters and that wire came to an end. It was a dead wire.
Ganigu this time did the choosing of a new wire, and it had led them to the German P.C.

Wandering About in Cretes

Uncertain of their whereabouts, save that they were certain they were inside the German lines, the two runners wandered about in cretes. Finally, they walked out of a brush patch and stumbled into the mouth of the P.C. which they had mistaken a half hour before for a German headquarters. But the Germans they had seen were prisoners.
"Where in hell have you been all night?" said a voice—that of a Yank lieutenant. "We've been waiting for those pigeons for two hours!"
But that isn't all the story.
Ten minutes after Ganigu and Berry had delivered their pigeons, they were on their way back to the battalion P.C. The lieutenant was with them, leading the way.
"It's no job to follow a telephone wire," he told them. "Just pay attention to where you're going and don't let go of it."
"Sure, Loot," said Berry, choking down a snicker, "we're following you. Keep right on going. We're coming all right."

The Well was Passed over Very Nicely

but the lieutenant walked off into the cold lake as per schedule. But the two runners got regular meals at battalion headquarters, but their time is much occupied in dodging a certain lieutenant who has threatened K.P. court-martial and numerous other means of punishment.

BEATING THE CENSOR STILL POPULAR GAME

But Not Many Attempts to
Spread Forbidden News
Get By

TOO MUCH ON ENVELOPES

Little Difficulty Experienced With
Souvenirs—49 Languages
in A.E.F. Now

The A.E.F. is just the same old in-correctible as ever, according to the Base Censor, in the way it insists on trying to let Mamie or Mother know where it individually is in France. But—and this makes the work of the Base Censor a lot easier—its methods of conveying that precious information are so fatally simple that they're caught in a minute.
For example, any member of his staff, with the aid of a home town directory and French atlas, could decipher this: "If you will take the first three letters of Paris name, add the last three of the name of our street, plus the middle two of our minister's name, you will know where we are at."
Whether he goes to the trouble of deciphering it or not, he just takes up the old snippers and runs them through the body of the offending letter.
Another thing, dear A.E.F. members, old and young, that bothers the Base Censor a lot is the way they will insist on putting their brigade or division numbers with their address on the outside of their envelopes.
Sin of Overaddressing
"Overaddressing" is what the censor calls this particular besetting sin. He admits that divisional pride is a good thing, and that it helps to win wars; but he adds, just the same, that the outside of envelopes isn't the place to air it.
The buck who starts his letter off by saying: "I've got a chance to send this home by a man who's going back to the States, so at last I can tell you how things really are over here," never gets his information across, for the simple reason that the man who is going back to the States is never able to carry out his part of the bargain. Why? Ask the man who has owned one of those letters; perhaps he'll tell you. The base censors know how and why, because he has seen a lot of that kind.
If your girl lives in the States or one of its dependencies you can send her your picture, up against a "neutral" background, for all the Base Censor cares; but if she lives in England, Italy or another Allied country, you can't. It's tough on those who are trying to cement the entente cordiale, but it's nevertheless true. G.O. 146, however interpreted, does not allow it; and the censorship is charged with the enforcement of that order.

Souvenirs Mostly O.K.

In one particular the A.E.F. is behaving pretty well, mail-wise, in that it isn't trying to slip through any forbidden German souvenirs. Hun helmets there are in plenty going back with the censor's blessings upon their now even emptier heads, but none of the stuff that G-2 likes to keep for itself.
On the other hand, the A.E.F. as a whole seems to think that it can tell lots of things to another man in the Army that it couldn't tell to the folks at home. This is not so; it is far better to have risky information slip by in the States than to have it over here in the pocket of a fellow-fighter who may come into close proximity to Germany any day, says the censor. Also, the old excuse that "the Germans know it, anyhow, so why conceal it?" doesn't go. There are a lot of seemingly obvious things the Germans want to know, and can't find out, according to the Base Censor.
Just to explode an old myth, officers who censor their own mail have nothing on the rest of the Army. They get their mail run through ever so often, just like anybody else. And, says Mr. Base Censor, they're no more indiscreet nor over-careful than anybody else in the A.E.F. Yes, the "base" is still doing business, and in 49 languages.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

No sweaters will be issued by the Q.M. this winter, and only enough to supply a small fraction of the A.E.F. will be given out by auxiliary organizations, who will select the recipients from truck drivers, observers and other men who will need them most.
A limited number of enlisted men of the Air Service are receiving instruction in flying at A.E.F. aviation instruction centers.
The American Red Cross has appropriated a fund from which newly married lieutenants may borrow money with which to buy officers' outfits.
"Jackie," as the *nom de guerre* of the man of the sea is falling into vogue, a codename which preceded the demise of the late "Sammy." The sailors are now trying to pick an appropriate name for themselves.
Officers will wear the insignia of their rank on all occasions, and the Sam Browne belt will be dispensed with only when going into action or while in the front line trenches, says G.O. 182, which adds that "every possible effort will be made by officers to present a proper personal appearance, even under adverse conditions."
Three packages of chewing gum were in the pack of every man in a Field Artillery regiment when it sailed from the States recently. Two hundred and fifty pounds of chewing gum might save one hundred gallons of water," said the colonel.
The American Red Cross is establishing throughout Italy a home service for fund-raising in Italy having members in the A.E.F. The new service corresponds to the one already established in America. G.O. 182 calls attention to the fact that troops backed entirely around any certain to die and provides that, hereafter, instead of being tied to trees, animals will be tethered to picket lines. If the picket lines are attached to trees, the trees will be protected by sucking or by some other effective method.
Among many telegrams received from all parts of the world recently by General Pershing, congratulating the American troops upon the success at St. Mihiel and in the Argonne are two from cities in South Africa and one from the National Council of Women of Great Britain and Ireland. "Bonfire tonight of all German text books," wired Toulon, Wis., and the Institution of Gas Engineers, an assurance that they would "maintain the supply of raw materials for the manufacture of the high explosives essential to complete victory."
The Red Cross is planning to provide beds for casualties at several French railroad junctions where train connections are uncertain and all-night waits frequent. At one place 240 beds have been installed for enlisted men and 100 rooms provided for officers.
A 400,000 candle power flash to light up ground targets has been perfected for the use of American bombing aircraft.
The A.E.F. has bought every buyable sheepskin in Spain and Portugal to make deerskin coats for the men in the line, according to the Q.M.C.

FROM CARDINAL GIBBONS

I send this message to our brave boys across the Atlantic. We regard you as the saviors of your country.
We earnestly hope that you will come back to your beloved America, safe and sound. Or if you have wounds, which will be honorable wounds, which you will exhibit with pride to your mothers and families, and in years to come show them to your children and grandchildren.
Keep a clean heart in a clean body, and may God be with you.
Faithfully yours,
(Signed) J. Cardinal Gibbons.

HOME FOLKS' FACES IN BATTERIES' FILM

Massachusetts City Sends
Best Letter Ever to Its
Artillerymen

The best letter from the folks back home to the boys at the front has been received in France. It is from Salem, Mass., to batteries D, E, F, and Headquarters, Field Artillery, the members of which were all recruited in Salem.
It is 2,000 feet long, and more effectively than any letter ever did before, it gives first-hand, and indisputable evidence of the state of health and last-minute appearance of the people who are stirring the coals in the home fire grate.
The letter from Salem is a movie. It is a two-reel, 30-minute thriller conceived and staged by the Salem Artillery Club and played by a cast of several thousand on the Salem Common one Sunday early this fall.
Charlie Chaplin, Mary Pickford, nor any other motion picture star ever saw it. They might have things to say about the acting if they did, but, nevertheless, the film is a clinic to the highest success ever in any time a bunch of the Salem artillerymen see it.
The several thousand-actors in the piece all are relatives of the members of the four batteries. They lined up, according to the batteries to which their soldier-kin belong, and paced in review before the camera. Varying hats, handkerchiefs and service flags they marched six abreast toward the lens, dividing as they approached, but not before they had left a good "close-up" likeness of themselves.
Fathers, mothers, grandparents, kid brothers, sisters, big and little, aunts, uncles, cousins, the girls they left behind them—they're all in line, even, it is suspected from the obvious pride and zeal with which some infants-in-arms are flourished before the camera, a son or a daughter or two whose papas are going to see them for the first time in the movies.

CANTEENS CHANGE HANDS

Y.M.C.A. canteens and post exchanges at 15 base hospitals were taken over today by the Red Cross in compliance with an agreement between the two organizations under which the Red Cross will hereafter operate all hospital canteens and the Y.M.C.A. take exclusive charge of canteen business at the front. The Y.M.C.A. will continue to furnish entertainment at hospitals.

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REAL REST CAMP NOW BEING BUILT

Ocean-Side Spotless Town
Will Shelter 50,000 With
Room to Spare

A panorama of waves and beaches out in front and a setting of tree-covered hills behind, sea breeze, sun and sky to match; miles upon miles of tents and wooden barracks, spaced between winding roads and drives lined with shrubbery and whitewashed stones; a sort of an ocean-side spotless town of canvas and brown-stained walls and roofs—this is the vision of a new rest camp for the A.E.F. that is now spreading itself into being at a base port in the south of France. The camp is to care for more than 50,000 men, 25,000 of them in tents. This camp will take soldiers as they land from the transports and shelter them while they shake off their sea legs and store up fresh energy for the hard work ahead. It is expected to be what many other rest camps so far have been unable to be—a rest camp in the real meaning of the term, and not a place whose name whenever recalled is the subject for sarcastic humor.
Incidentally, while the new camp will give thousands of American soldiers their first acquaintance with France, it is designed for use also when the tide of American soldiers turns away from France. Sometime—nobody can guess when—men will go down from it to march on board the ships that will take them back to a certain port in the United States whose harbor scenery is largely smoke, 36-story buildings and a statue with a torch.
There will be no crowding in this camp. Plans originally were to make it accommodate 75,000 men. Plans now call not for a smaller camp, but for a roomier one.

NEW ELECTION FRAUD LAW

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]
AMERICA, Oct. 31.—A new element in this year's elections will be the fact that this Congress has just passed a Federal law providing heavy Federal punishments for frauds committed in State elections for seats in Congress.

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FOURTH FRENCH LOAN AVAILABLE TO A.E.F.

G.H.Q. Bulletin Outlines Conditions and Advantages of Purchase

Information concerning the fourth French war loan, known as the Liberation Loan, and the manner in which members of the A.E.F. may buy bonds, is contained in a G.H.Q. bulletin, No. 79, published at the request of the French Government. Sale of the bonds was opened October 20, and subscriptions will close November 24. The bulletin says:
These bonds are the direct obligation of the Government of France, which guarantees their payment and their not being converted within 25 years.
They bear 4 per cent interest on their par value.
They are sold at a discount, so that you pay 70 francs 80 centimes for a 100-franc bond.
The bond sold at this discount pays interest at the rate of 5.65 per cent on the actual money invested.
Interest on these bonds paid quarterly, by coupon, first payment being due on January 10, 1919.
One of the attractive features of this investment is that if these bonds reach par value, the capital invested would be consequently increased by 41 per cent.
Payments for subscriptions may be made on delivery or in four quarterly installments: First installment on subscription; second installment on January 10, 1919; third installment on March 1, 1919; fourth installment on April 10, 1919.
Any bank will take subscription.
The note was transferred to G.H.Q. by the Commissioner General of Franco-American War Affairs.

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Pauline L. Divers, New York, N.Y.
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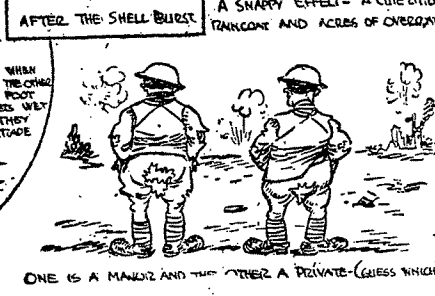
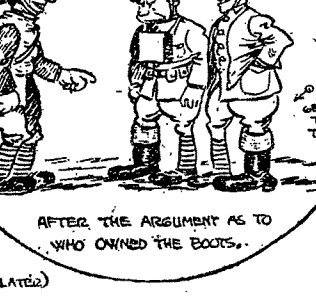
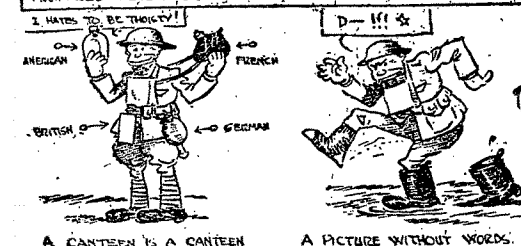
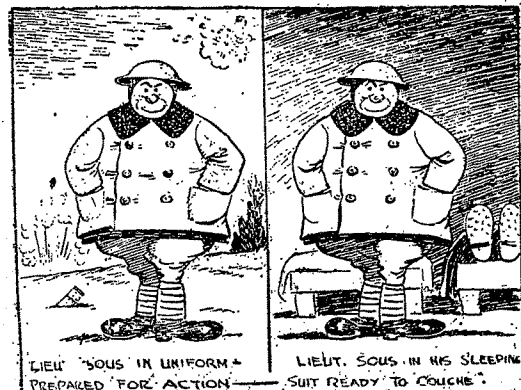
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We will do our best to see that you are supplied with MELACHRINOS wherever duty calls you.
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Detachable Kamelcote Lining \$2 0 0 - \$10
Cavalry pattern with knee flaps and saddle gusset... \$1 0 0 - \$5
Send size of chest and approximate height, weight, to avoid delay, enclose cheque when ordering.
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FASHIONS AT THE FRONT

-By WALLGREN



CLEAN CLOTHING WHILE YOU WAIT FOR WHOLE ARMY

Mobile Laundry Units Can Move Faster Than Division

BATHS IN PLENTY ALSO

Dirty Duds to Be Replaced at Once by Washed and Sterilized Articles

No matter how fast this American Army keeps moving forward, it is going to be a clean Army, and this fall and winter, when the whole line of the front is being churned into an unending swamp, the soldier is going to be as freshly clothed as if he were having weekly arguments with the laundry driver.

And to do this he won't have to follow the honored washing customs of last year by finding a shallow brook, a stone and a paddle and pounding mouschours, chemises and calecons in cold water, after the fashion first established in Gaul in Mr. Caesar's time.

The Army medical authorities have observed that men who bathed twice a week and changed clothing fairly often did not suffer from scabies, the seven years' itch mentioned in the Bible—and that the Army's health is largely a matter of clean clothing. The Q.M. has been sending up to the front strings of laundries on wheels—motor-transport laundries that can move around even faster than a division can change its base.

These laundries are not makeshifts. They do as good a job as the place back home which advertises that it washes everything but the baby, and they do it a lot quicker.

Tractor and Four Trailers

Each motor laundry outfit consists of a tractor and four trailers on which are mounted the laundry machinery protected by housing. The tractor has a sort of threshing engine look and carries on its back platform two sterilizers or disinfectors, large metal cylinders which churn all the soapy clothes around in fresh water. And another part of the machinery does the drying stunt.

Each laundry is expected to provide a change of clothing for 5,000 men a day. The laundry is operated in conjunction with the "troop-bathing" system.

Through Baths in Squads

Baths are established at the most convenient places and the men sent through in squads by rotation, the first squad spending a half minute under a preliminary hot shower while the second squad is starting a strip. After the preliminary hot shower, the men have one-half minute under a cold, rinsing shower. Then come two minutes for soaping under warm water, the operation ending with another half minute for rinsing.

The doughboys who come in with dirty clothing don't get their own clothes washed. They are fitted out with washed and sterilized clothing according to their sizes, but it will have belonged to somebody else. The system has been so planned that in the giving out of washed clothing, a man with a 62 waist doesn't draw a pair of breeches made for a 42-inch man. Chances for arguments have been cut down to the irreducible minimum.

The dirty clothing taken in at the laundry is graded according to condition. The badly torn that cannot be repaired goes to salvage stations. Some is marked for repairs. The remainder is considered fit for re-issue at once after being washed.

Each mobile laundry is manned by a laundry unit of 37 men. All the laundries operate under the salvage service of the Q.M.C.

In addition to the mobile laundries, of course, the salvage service maintains immense general laundries at the bases and supervises the laundry systems for the base hospitals.

As an example of the magnitude of the work of a single base laundry section, one week's report showed 398,000 pieces sterilized and 352,000 washed.

SALVAGED AROUND THE S.O.S.

It isn't the doughboys at the front who take all the Boche prisoners. Ask the M.P.'s down at a certain base port. No, they are not the heroes of this little tale, either. There is but one, and for the sake of anonymity we will call him Heinie.

Heinie, as his name implies, is a P.W., engaged in work along the docks. Being fairly recently arrived there, he had not got the escape idea out of his head. One day he disappeared, and the M.P.'s, after searching high and low for him about the town and its environs, decided that he had stowed away somewhere on a ship, or was perhaps then well on the road to Spain.

A few days later as they were about to change guard, who should come trudging down the road toward them but Heinie. Behind him was a motley collection of some 16 P.W.'s and P.G.'s, all clumping along at the old German marching step.

Heinie approached the sergeant of the M.P.'s and saluted sheepishly. "I hat come back alretty," he reported, "mit sechzehn Gefangenen." Asked what induced them to leave their hiding place and give themselves up under Heinie's direction, the escapees had but one word of reply, a word common to both English and German: "Hunger."

The P.W.'s now attached to the A.E.F., besides having all their wages gratified in the matter of food, but beer is theirs—are going to be catered to in the matter of style as well.

At one of the three new salvage plants in the S.O.S., workers are saving the residue of American overcoats, cut off to make them conform to uniform length. These strips are of good stout cloth, and when rolled into little circles and sewed up make perfectly good cap foundations. Odds and ends of cloth from other made-over garments make up the tops, and before you know it there you have a pretty close facsimile of the half-sailor, half-cock-shaped cap affected by Fritz when he isn't wearing his helmet.

Dye the cap green, and the resemblance is striking enough to make you look for that "Made in Germany" label on the inside.

Other fall and winter fashion notes for well-dressed P.W.'s include:

Larger marks of servitude; that is, the P and the W will be increased in stature. The two distinguishing letters will henceforth be worn over the left breast and the right knee, thereby causing great disgust among those hardy guards who had hoped to see the letters firmly emblazoned on the seat of the P.W.'s pants.

Issue of captured German clothing, re-dyed and all fitted up again, whenever possible. Allied Armies' uniforms that find their way into A.E.F. salvage dumps will also be dyed green and handed to the Heinies.

Chinese and other civilian, non-combatant laborers employed by the A.E.F. are, as far as possible, to be dressed in black. They are to get fourth choice on the products of the S.O.S. salvage shops, the combat troops coming first, the S.O.S. troops second, the German prisoners third. So, if you are Chinaman, size, and turn in a worn-out blouse, you may look for it, dyed black, on some smiling Mongolian, working by the roadside, as your column swings by some day.

Arrangements have been made at Lyon, which is a dyeing center, if ever there was one, to have over 5,000 garments that were once good O.D. re-colored daily for the A.E.F., its captives and its collaborators.

If your "right-hand shoe" gets torn off or blown off or otherwise unfit for wear, and you throw the other into a salvage heap, don't think for a minute that you've said goodbye to it for keeps.

The chances are pretty good that some other man who wears your size will throw a similarly unwanted and lonesome hoof-covering into another salvage dump. Down at a salvage dump proper some earnest worker will take your cast-away in his hand and hunt around until he finds a mate for it. Then the two will be re-colored, re-soled, sewn, and otherwise made presentable, done up in a bundle with four other pairs of the same size, and "ordered back to troops."

So, if on drawing a "new" pair of second-hand shoes you find your initials and number staring you in the face on the tongue of one of them, don't lay it to the hauntee. It is all part and process of the gentle art of salvage.

There is one recently started salvage plant in the S.O.S. where the personnel is out with a vengeance to beat the record for ingenuity set up by the mother plant at St. Pierre-des-Corps, near Tours.

At Tours they evolved a hospital slipper with a sole made from a torn and discarded campaign hat and an upper of O.D. cloth cut from anywhere. It was such a good slipper, and so easy to make, that St. Pierre-des-Corps soon reached quantity production on it.

At the new plant, which is at Lyon,

the authorities waited in vain for campaign hats to arrive. They wanted to make slippers, too, but they didn't have the wherewithal. They didn't like it, either, they thought they were missing something.

Then one day in came 1,500,000 pairs of old canvas leggings, as dilapidated a cargo as one could wish to see. A Q.M. captain looked them over, scratching his head and muttering, "Now that I've got them, what am I going to do with them?" They seemed, on the face of things, utterly untransformable.

At last he had an idea. He drew the rough outline of a shoe sole on one of the broad surfaces of a discarded legging. It fitted. With a pair of heavy shears he cut it out. Result: The "Lyon slipper" is now being turned out quite handily.

Its proponents, including its inventor, claim that the canvas sole has it all over the felt one for lightness and wear.

One of the jobs up to the Army's new shoe repair shops is the furnishing of railroad troops and hospital attendants with hobnail-less shoes. If there are not enough of the russet garrison shoe on hand, the hobnails simply have to be extracted, and by hand.

The railroaders claim that the hobnails slip as they climb about on the engines, and point to the fact that one of their number lost a leg by slipping and falling to catch himself in time. Therefore, they say, no more hobnails for them.

As for the hospital attendants, the objection to the studs and heelplates is primarily one of noise and, secondarily, one of floors.

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AMATEUR GUNNERS

PLAY IN GOOD LUCK

Men of Ammunition Train Use Up Hun Shells to Real Purpose

There may be traveling about the German back lines a tale carried by the Prussian and W. temburg soldiers who crowded the roads in retreat during the barrage that opened the American drive in the Argonne a tale of a mystery gun that laid down shells an incredible distance ahead of the American artillery and miles and miles behind the German front line, which was being pounded to pieces by the barrage.

It may be a tale of heavy shells falling on a crossroad 15 miles back of the lines of barb wire behind which the Germans tried to stay the American advance.

Anyway, American soldiers on the first night of the drive were firing heavy artillery from front line positions. But that artillery was German artillery, whose gunners either were on their way to the American rear or safely crowding back from their own front.

A small arms ammunition train laboring along a shell furrowed road behind

the advancing Infantry that first night came upon an abandoned German gun—a piece with a long rifled barrel—and near it were rows of shells, a hundred rounds or more.

Artillery range finding isn't ordinarily taught ammunition train men, but the captain in command of the train guessed he knew in which direction Germany lay, so the men left their horses and wagons, slewed the big gun around, pointed its nose in the air, and started firing. They didn't stop until all the ammunition was gone.

The next morning, when Artillerymen came up to the gun and made some range calculations, they smiled grimly. They figured again and put their scales to the maps.

"Well, it's mighty likely that somebody far away on that road that leads straight away up there had a surprise party, or a lot of them," said the range finder, who ought to know.

We know "The Stars and Stripes" is read from "cover to cover." So it would be pretty hard to cover up the pleasure we have in knowing that "a word of greeting and good cheer" gets across to so many.

"Over here," by the way, the feeling is that you fellows "over there" will be a lot more interested in things civilian next Spring than you are this Fall.

Rather suggests that the Kaiser's going to "get his" quicker than he thinks.

ROGERS PEET COMPANY

Broadway at 131st St. Broadway at 34th St.

Broadway at 42nd St. Broadway at 41st St.

NEW YORK CITY

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AMONG THE DISPUTED CRESTS NORTH OF VERDUN

The Salvation Army hut beside the Varennes road was just a ruined wall and a few pieces of gunnysack. A loose and weary soldier was halted before it by a sign which said there would be nothing doing till the morning, and that there was no admission except on business. So he went in immediately.

"Sorry, Buddy, but our truck hasn't come yet and we won't have a canteen here till tomorrow."

"Guess I go to bed hungry," said the visitor, turning away.

"You see, we don't open up till morning. I haven't a thing here for you except—wait a moment—yes, I could let you have an apple pie."

The soldier gaped.

"But I've only got five hundred francs."

"Rubbish. Take the darned thing. We had only enough stuff to cook the one."

A moment later truck drivers trundling at dusk along the road saw standing at the side a stimulating picture. It was a rain-drenched Yankee. On his face there was a beatific smile. In his hands there rested (in passing) a sweet, warm, generous, flaky, spicy apple pie.

The officer, bent over the candle-lit task of censoring letters written from the Argonne battlefield, burst into a sweat and prayed for strength to resist a great temptation.

There before him were two letters written by one soldier. One was to a girl in Brittany, begging her to be true to him and murmuring sweet prophecies of the day when he could come for her and take her back as his bride to America.

The other letter was to his real fiancée in Ohio. And into the mind of the censoring officer had crept the mischievous notion that it would not be a bad idea to swap envelopes.

At last accounts, he was still struggling with the temptation.

There are all gradations of thoroughness in the varying manners which different outfits show when they turn over the sector to their relief. Some turn over every stick and stone, every fact and every suspicion. Some are more casual about it.

The record instance for dispatch is told of a French captain who needed only six words and three guesses to turn over his sector to the American captain relieving him. The words were: "Nous ici. Boches là. Au revoir."

Among some of the effects seized from an Austrian regimental P.C. by the Americans last week was a German corps order giving much praise to the First Austrian Division, especially the Fifth Austrian Infantry Regiment, for the heroic and wonderful work it had done in front of the Americans.

A short time after, when this order was sent to the front lines to be read to the troops of the Fifth Austrian Infantry Regiment, the men of that regiment burst out into a roar of laughter as they sensed the humor of the situation.

For instead of having the order read to them while they were drawn up in line of companies and standing at attention, as was intended by the German higher command, it was read to them by an American Infantry captain while they idled in an American prison pen.

To be exact, 800 men and officers, including two majors of the Fifth Austrian Infantry Regiment—all that was left of the regiment except the colonel and his orderly, who managed somehow to escape—were taken prisoners by Americans from the Windy City.

The Americans have informed the German higher command (letter delivered by airplane) that the letter has been properly read to the men of the Fifth Austrian Infantry Regiment, and congratulates the higher command on the wonderful work the men of this regiment will do in the near future, chiefly in road building and construction tasks in the American S.O.S.

One of the most brilliant and celebrated of our chaplains stood in the drenching autumn rain looking mutinously at the unending acres of Argonne mud and at the spectacle of his flock plodding through it ankle deep. A general passed by.

"How's the war?" the chaplain asked.

"It's over, I guess, Father. I'm getting ready for the next one."

"Is it England you're going to fight now?" the chaplain asked brightly, a bit of brogue creeping back into his voice.

"Not at all. We must all consolidate and go back home to fight prohibition."

There was a pause, while the rain pattered noisily on their steel helmets. Finally the padre spoke.

"Want a chaplain?" he asked.

When a certain Field Artillery P.C. moved into its new quarters west of Verdun the Artillerymen discovered a puppy cat and four kittens in a wood box.

But the Artillery P.C. could not remain stationary for long. One day it moved forward two kilometers, and the Artillerymen decided that Polly and her family would do better if they were left behind.

The next morning, when the cook came down to his new quarters to start the breakfast fire, he discovered Polly's four kittens romping over his kitchen floor, while Polly herself lay stretched out in a corner. Polly had moved P.C. during the night, too.



ON GUARD IN THE ARGONNE

lieutenants and even majors. They protested against the automobile's presence so near their sleeping quarters. But the sergeant paid no heed.

One morning he cranked it up, climbed into the seat and was about to sail forth when the thing blew up with a terrific bang. The sergeant was badly burned and shocked, and the machine was so fearfully wrecked that it was scarcely eligible for the salvage pile.

Just what it was that placed the charge of dynamite, or whatever it was, in the engine, no one will ever know. Private Huggs, however, will do his regular turn at K.P.

An officer saw what appeared to be some pamphlets drop from a German plane that flew over the lines not far from his outfit. He walked over and found the area occupied by some colored troops. Stopping a negro sergeant, he asked him if the plane had dropped any German propaganda.

"Dunno, cap'n," replied the sergeant. "If she did drop any of dat, I reckon it must 'a' ben a dud."

Pvt. Martin Lewis, lost from a patrol on the east bank of the Meuse, had taken off his equipment to facilitate swimming back across the river when he was approached from the rear by two Germans from a famous storm battalion. He succeeded in grabbing his rifle, which was not loaded, but was unable to get at his equipment and ammunition before the two Germans barred his way and called upon him to surrender.

Pvt. Lewis told the Germans they would have to take him, challenging them to a fair bayonet fight. They accepted the challenge.

Pvt. Lewis was wounded in both shoulders, and as a last resort one of the Germans shot him in the left leg. Both Germans are now in an American hospital.

Not long ago a German field kitchen loaded with stum, coffee, cigars and cigarettes for a hundred men, and making a slight and quite pardonable mistake to the whereabouts of the somewhat jumpy German line, drove up in the darkness to a battalion P.C. of the 28th Infantry and there started to unload before the delighted Yanks discovered them.

The captors were about to pitch in when a dim light dug out of the hand, postponed the feast, hissing out as he did so that there might be arsenic in the stum and that anyway the whole thing was probably a plot.

This turn of events delighted the German cook, who was fatter than any one in Germany is supposed to be in the fifth year of the war and who had just been congratulating himself that even the fiendish Americans could not be so very cruel to one who had brought them such unexpected refreshments. The cook brightened up, however, when it occurred to him that he and his drivers might disarm suspicion by themselves sampling all the rations on hand. They weren't allowed to do more than sample them when the bunch joined in, and in five minutes, 25 Americans had cleaned up a meal which had been wrapped up for a hundred Germans. The cook was still a bit worried about his scout, who had come on ahead to feel the way and of whom nothing had been heard since. He was told that he would probably meet him before morning. Sure enough, at dawn, in the prison cage far behind, the stray ration detail all met face to face.

"Oh, Johann!" "Oh, Gottlieb!" It was a great reunion.

Because Adam Paterecity was of German birth his colonel wanted to discharge him while his regiment was still in America.

"I don't want a discharge," Paterecity told the colonel. "I want to go to France and fight with the rest of the boys."

So Paterecity crossed the Atlantic with his regiment.

The other day, north of Verdun, Pvt. Paterecity, although severely wounded, advanced straight into a machine gun company's advance. Four of the gun crew surrendered to Paterecity. Five were left dead in the pit.

Three K.P.'s detailed to carry chow cans up to the front lines were on their way back to the regimental headquarters when the Germans laid down a barrage. They left their emptied cans and sought shelter in nearby dugouts.

After the barrage had lifted, the K.P.'s discovered that their chow cans were too mused up to carry even beans. They brought them in, however, just to show the mess sergeant that a chow detail's existence is not all velvet.

One American soldier proudly lost an annoying but persistent regimental title in the Argonne drive. Because he happened to be one of those men who wear high-heeled shoes and adopt other lengthening subterfuges in civil life, the regiment had christened him Shorty, and he never had been able to shake it off.

The other day, when he came marching down a shell-plowed road behind a six-foot German who had a beam pro-

portionate to his draught, Shorty's comrades marveled to see that the German was carrying Shorty's pack. The only weapon the shortest man in the regiment held was a stake that had once supported barb wire.

At 1 o'clock one October morning there crept into the American lines near Grandpre two weary, wet, footsore men who were regarded with natural suspicion until they came face to face with an interpreter named Popoff who happened to be a Russian and who recognized them as compatriots.

Their joy was beyond telling. They could only wave their arms and indulge in repeated salutes strongly resembling a scene at the Russian ballet.

But when they had calmed down they were able to give their hosts a great docket of valuable military information.

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It seems that they had been taken prisoner early in the war, on the night of 1914, the other a year later. They had been working at all manner of innocuous labor, road repair, supply transportation and the like, until this Argonne battle began, when they had been forced to work with munitions.

Their repeated suggestion that, inasmuch as peace had been signed between Germany and Russia, it was time for them to go home met only with the cold response that the order for their release had not yet arrived. So, at dusk, three days before, they made a break for the American lines. They traveled by night, hid by day, crawled forward in the rain without food or water or blankets, and arrived safe at last, tired, but bursting with happiness and information.

There is a story east of the Meuse that the white dove of peace flew over the front lines for the first time on a bright morning last week, and that not a shot was fired at it from either side of the lines. The story has been verified to the extent that two colonels and a major say they saw it.

A white airplane, bearing no insignia of any kind, and of a type unknown on the western front, coursed over the American lines, flying low, then crossed over to the German lines. After idling about for an hour or more it flew away toward the north and disappeared.

He is the interpreter attached to a roaming brigade of Field Artillery, a little French soldier named Bouchette. You have just one guess as to what the Yankees call him.

Their regard for him, however, grew mightily the other night on the eve of the brigade's entry into the fight up Montfaucon way. They had noticed that he had a genius for knowing which kitchen in the outfit would serve the best dinner on any given night and for dropping in there casually at mess time.

They suspected him of an instinct for nourishment, but how great his talents were in that respect they never discovered until this particular night, when eight of the officers appealed to him to use his French to get them a decent meal. At the word, he collected seven francs from each man, vanished into the countryside, came back with a basket full of supplies, and with his own hands prepared such a luscious and wonderful six-course dinner as they had never encountered in all their days.

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